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ORIGINAL NOVELS FROM THE FRENCH.

THE COUNTESS WITH TWO HUSBANDS.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

The Negotiation—The Count and Countess.

"I WILL go," exclaimed the colonel, "to the foot of the column in the Place Vendome, and there I will shout, 'I am that Colonel Chabert who brake through, and cut to pieces the great Russian square at Eylau!' The bronze, he will recognise me!"

"And you will, as assuredly, be shut up among the lunaticks at Charenton."

At this fearful word, the excitement of the old soldier subsided; and he asked, "Should I not have a favourable chance, if I applied to the minister of war!"

"The departments!" said Derville. "Take care not to show yourself there without a judgment, in all the forms, decisively cancelling the registration of your death. The ministers would gladly annihilate every relick of the empire."

The colonel stood for a minute silent and motionless, as if thunder-struck, looking fixedly, but without seeing anything, and plunged into an abyss of despair. Military justice is frank and rapid; it decides *à la Turque*, and always pronounces rightly. This justice was the only code with which Chabert was familiar. But, perceiving the labyrinth of difficulties through which he had to thread his way, and learning the amount of money necessary to travel through it, he received a mortal stroke in his intellect, and in that power peculiar to man, called volition. It seemed an impossibility for him to live through a law-suit; it would be a thousand times easier for him to remain poor, to beg, or to enlist as a private trooper in any regiment that would have him. His physical and mental sufferings had already affected his system in some of its most important organs; and he approached one of those maladies for which medicine has no name; whose seat is, in some degree, moveable and active as the nervous apparatus, which would appear to be the most attacked among the others of our bodily machine; an affection which we must designate as the *spleen* of misery. However severe might be this malady which, though invisible, was not the less real, it would be still curable by a fortunate result. To undermine this vigorous constitution altogether, some new shock, some new impediment must arise; some unforeseen circumstance, which would shatter the enfeebled springs of action, and produce those hesitations, those half-finished and imperfect acts which physiologists have observed in persons whose health and intellect have given way under the pressure of misfortune. Derville, who then recognised the symptoms of a profound depression in his client, said to him, "Do not despair: the determination of this matter cannot be otherwise than favourable for you. Only make up your mind to give me your entire confidence, and to accept at once, and unreservedly, the result I shall conclude to be the best for you."

"Act according to your better judgment," said Chabert.

"Yes—but I understand you to put yourself into my hands, as if you were blindfolded, and you will move by my guidance!"

"But shall I not be condemned to live without rank, and my reputation? Is that endurable?"

"I do not intend anything of the kind," answered the lawyer. "It shall be stipulated that an amicable suit shall be instituted, and that all parties will concur in a judgment annulling the record of your death, and your marriage, in order that you may enter unfettered into the possession of your rights. By Count Ferraud's influence, also, you shall have the rank of general, and you will certainly obtain a pension."

"Go on," answered Chabert; "I resign myself entirely to you."

"So be it," said Derville; "I will send you a procuration to sign. Adieu! Keep up your courage; and should you be in want of money, send to me."

Chabert warmly grasped Derville's hand, and stood, with his back leaning against the wall, unable to follow him otherwise than with his eyes. Like all persons who do not understand legal matters, he was frightened at a contest altogether novel, and which he had never anticipated.

While Derville conversed with the colonel, a man's face had shown itself, several times, from behind the pilaster of the yard-gate; it was evidently that of a person who was watching the lawyer's movements, and he accosted him as soon as he had left the premises. It was an old man, in a blue waistcoat, and with a frock plaited after the fashion of that worn by brewers; on his head he wore an otter-skin cap. His face was embrowned, hollow, and wrinkled; but his cheek bones were red by hard work and constant exposure to the fresh air.

"Excuse me, sir," said he to Derville, stopping him by the arm, "if I take the liberty of speaking to you; but I was sure when I saw you, that you were a friend of our general."

"Well, well," replied Derville, "in what are you interested—But, pray, who are you?"

"I am Louis Vergniaud," he answered; "and I want to have a little talk with you."

"And so you are the man who lodged Count Chabert in the pretty manner I have just witnessed!"

"I beg pardon—excuse me, sir; but he has the best room in the house. I would have slept in the stable, and given him up mine, if it had been better. A man who has suffered like him—who teaches my boys to read—a general, and more than that, an Egyptian! He is the best lodged in the house; and I have shared with him all I had. Unfortunately, that was no great matter—bread, milk, eggs, and just as we do in war. Whatever it was, however, it was kindly meant. But he has vexed us a good deal."

"He!"

"Yes, sir; he has vexed us—and that's the long and short of it. I have taken an establishment far above our means, and he perceived it, and it gave him annoyance. He groomed the horse—and, when I interfered, and said, 'But, general——,' he stopped my mouth, with, 'I don't choose to eat the bread of idleness, and I learned how to curry a hide many long years ago.' You must know that I had given some notes for the purchase-money of my dairy, to one Mr. Grados—are you acquainted with him, sir?"

"Really, my good fellow, I have no time to listen to you now—only let me know in what way the colonel has offended you."

"He has offended me, sir, as sure as my name's Louis Vergniaud—and he made my wife cry by his conduct. He heard from the neighbours, that we had not a single sous provided for the first bill when it fell due. So, what does the old fellow do, but, without saying a word, hoards up all the money you advanced him, watches for the presentation of the note, and pays it himself. That was spiteful! It did not please my wife and myself to know that the poor old man deprived himself of his tobacco on our account. But he has his cigars every morning now, I'll be bail; I'll sell myself so that he shall have them. We were vexed, I can assure you. Well, what I wanted to propose was, that you should lend us five hundred francs, (as he told us you were a noble-hearted fellow,) on the security of our establishment, so that we might provide him with proper clothing, and furnish his room comfortably. He says that we are quits; it's not true. On the contrary, do you see, the old man has run us into his debt—and vexed us beside! He ought not to have put this affront upon us. He has vexed us, I say! As for friends—on the faith of an honest man, and as true as I call myself Louis Vergniaud, if I did not return your money by the due time, I would——"

Derville gazed steadily on the cow-keeper, and stepped back a foot or two to look again at the house, the yard, the stable, the rabbits, and the children.

"On my word, I do believe that one of the characteristicks of virtue is not to be a man of wealth," murmured he to himself. "You shall have your five hundred francs, my fine fellow, and more too. But they shall not come from me. The colonel will be wealthy enough to assist you, and I should not like to anticipate him in that pleasure."

"But will it be soon?"

"Certainly."

"Ah! good heaven! how delighted my wife will be!" and so saying, the weatherbeaten features of the cow-keeper seemed to expand with pleasure.

"Now," thought Derville, as he stepped into his cabriolet, "let us go and meet the enemy. We must not let her see our play, while we try to look into her hand; and, perhaps, we may win the game by a flush. We must intimidate her. She is a woman; how are women the soonest frightened? but women are only alarmed at—"

He set himself to study the actual position of the countess, and fell into a meditation similar to those to which great politicians surrender themselves in maturing their plans, and endeavouring to fathom the designs of hostile cabinets—and are not lawyers in a corresponding character, being statesmen charged with private and personal interests?

Here, in order to comprehend the views and sagacity of the advocate, it will be necessary to cast a glance upon the situation of the Count Ferraud and his wife.

The Count Ferraud was the son of a former chancellor of the parliament of Paris, who emigrated during the reign of terrour. But, although he saved his head thereby, he lost his fortune. The son returned under the consulate, and continued steadily devoted to the interest of Louis the Eighteenth, in whose party his father had voted before the revolution. He, therefore, belonged to that circle of the fauxbourg St. Germain, which so inflexibly resisted all the overtures of Napoleon. The reputation for talent acquired by the young count, (at that time plain Monsieur Ferraud,) rendered him the object of the coquettish attentions of the emperour, who frequently prided himself as much in winning a proselyte from the aristocracy, as in a victory over the enemy. The count was promised the restoration of his title, with the surrender of whatever part of his property was unsold; and a perspective of a department, and a senatorship was held before his eyes. But the emperour was crushed. At the time of Count Chabert's death, M. Ferraud was a young man of six and twenty, endowed with graceful manners, and very popular with all classes. But he was without fortune. The Countess Chabert had managed the winding up of her husband's estate so adroitly, that, in her eighteenth month of widowhood, she enjoyed an annual revenue of forty thousand livres. As to her marriage with the young count, whatever the fauxbourg might think of it, it was peculiarly agreeable to Napoleon, as it corresponded with his ideas of the amalgamation of parties; he, therefore, remitted to Madame Chabert that portion of the colonel's property which devolved to the treasury. But Napoleon's object and anticipation were not realized. It was not as a lover only that Madame Ferraud valued her young husband; she had been carried away by a desire to enter that haughty and disdainful circle, which, notwithstanding its political depression, looked down with contempt upon the imperial court. Every vanity, as well as every passion, was flattered by this marriage; for she would become somebody; and would be hereafter looked upon as a woman *comme il faut*. When the fauxbourg St. Germain was convinced that the young count, in his marriage, meditated no defection from its cause, the doors of every saloon were thrown open to his wife. The restoration of the Bourbons took place. The political fortune of Count Ferraud was not so rapid. He perfectly understood the exigencies of Louis the Eighteenth's position, and was one of the initiated who waited until "the abyss of the revolution was closed;" for this royal phrase, which the liberals so unmercifully ridiculed, contained a deep political signification. But the ordinance, (cited at length in its legal phraseology at the commencement of this narrative,) restored him two forests and an estate, the value of which had considerably augmented during their sequestration. At this very time, although Count Ferraud was a counsellor of state, and a director-general, he only looked upon his position as his first step in his political advancement.

Eagerly engaged in the anxieties and cares of a devouring and restless ambition, Count Ferraud had enlisted in his service, as a secretary, a middle-aged attorney, named Delbecy, who had been ruined in some not very creditable affair. This man was more than clever, and as all the details of chicanery were familiar to him, the count abandoned all his personal and private interests to his charge. The crafty pettifogger, who well understood his position with the count, continued honest, by speculation. He calculated upon obtaining some elevated post through the interest of his patron, whose fortune he administered ably and faithfully. His former career was so completely effaced by his present irreproachable conduct, that he was looked upon as a calumniated person, to whom the world had reparation to make. With that tact and finesse which are, more or less, the attribute of every woman, the countess, (who had correctly appreciated the motives of Delbecy,) watched him narrowly but silently, and so skilfully worked upon him, that she had already made use of him to a considerable advantage in the augmentation of her private fortune. She had the art to persuade Delbecy that she completely governed Count Ferraud, and undertook to have him nominated president of the chief tribunal in one of the most important cities of France, on condition that he devoted himself exclusively to her interests. The prospect of a permanent and independent office, from which he could not be removed, and in which he might contract a profitable marriage, and ultimately push his fortune in the political arena, by getting elected deputy, induced Delbecy to devote himself, body and soul, to the views of the countess. He took care that no favourable opportunity should escape, that was presented by the operations of the money-market, or by the rise in the price of real estate in Paris, during the three first years of the restoration. He had quadrupled the principal of his protectress's fortune; and this was effected with so much the more facility, as every measure was approved of by the countess, provided it tended to increase her revenue. She made use of the emoluments derived from the places held by the count, to defray the family expenses, so that she might add her own income to her capital; and Delbecy lent himself to all the calculations of her grasping avarice, without ever endeavouring to analyze her motives. This sort of people never trouble themselves with any secret but such as answer their own ends. Besides, the reason was so easy, and so palpable in that thirst for gold with which the majority of Parisian women are infected, and so large a fortune was necessary to back and support the pretensions of Count Ferraud, that the steward himself was blinded, and imagined that the avidity of the countess was to be imputed to her devotion to the interests and ambition of the man of her heart. The countess had buried the secret of her conduct in her innermost heart—for these hidden motives were matters of life and death to her; and therein lies the knot of this history.

When, at the commencement of the year 1817, the restoration had become established upon a basis, which, to all appearance, were proof against every attempt, and its doctrines of government were sanctioned by the most elevated minds, as the best adapted to introduce a new era of prosperity for France, the aspect of Parisian society underwent a total change. Madame the Countess Ferraud perceived that, by the merest chance, she had united love, fortune, and ambition in her marriage. She was still young and beautiful, moving in the most fashionable circles, and breathing the atmosphere of the court. No woman's position was ever more felicitous. She belonged to the aristocracy, her property was at her own disposal, and she was eminently rich in a husband, who was looked up to as one of the soundest heads of the royalist party; and, being the friend of the king, was, of course, destined to some exalted rank in the ministry. But, in the very heart of her triumph, she was tormented by a moral cancer. There are feelings which cannot escape a woman's perspicuity, however careful men may be to enwrap them in the deepest recesses of their bosoms. From the period of the king's first return, Count Ferraud had entertained some regretful thoughts arising from his marriage with the widow of Colonel Chabert. She had brought him no influential connexions to strengthen his position, and he was alone and unsupported in a course surrounded with shoals, and swarming with enemies. Perhaps, when the first glow of passion had subsided, and he was able to judge his wife coolly, he might have perceived some deficiencies in her education, which incapacitated her from seconding his views, or co-operating in his projects. A sarcasm which, in her hearing, he had applied to the recent marriage of M. de Talleyrand, furnished a new light to the countess, and it became very clear to her, that, if *her* marriage was to be done over again, she would never be the Countess Ferraud. What woman can forgive a regret of such a nature? Is not every injury and reproach contained in it; and is it not the first indication of a divorce? But what a wound must not this have inflicted upon the agitated heart of the countess, if we should suppose that, at that very period, she was apprehensive of the resurrection and return of her first husband! She knew that he was alive, and she had rejected his communications. Then, during the time that no intelligence of him had reached her, she flattered herself that he had fallen at Waterloo with the imperial eagles, in company with Bonapa. Nevertheless, she had conceived the project of attaching the count to her by the strongest of all ties, by chains of gold; and determined to be so wealthy that her fortune should make her second marriage indissoluble, if by any evil chance Count Chabert should re-appear on the scene. And he had re-appeared—without her being able to comprehend why the contest she dreaded had been so long delayed. Misery and sickness had, perhaps, freed her forever from that man. Perhaps he was half mad; the cells of Charenton might still give an account of him. She did not wish to admit Delbecy or the police into her confidence, for fear of creating a master in the one, or of precipitating the catastrophe by the measures of the other. There are many women in Paris whose position is like that of the Countess Ferraud; who live on in the consciousness of an unheard-of moral anomaly, or move along the brink of a flowery abyss; they succeed in rendering the seat of their disease callous, and can still smile, and amuse themselves on the verge of destruction.

"There is something very remarkable in the situation of Count Ferraud," said Derville to himself, starting from his lengthened reverie, as his cabriolet stopped at the Hotel Ferraud, in the Rue de Varennes. "How is it that a personage who is so rich, and so much liked by the king, should not have been created a peer of France? It is very true that it is a part of the king's policy, as Madame de Grandlieu told me, to make the peerage an affair of great importance, in rendering it difficult of attainment. Besides, the son of a counsellor in parliament is neither a Crillon nor a Rohan. Count Ferraud could only enter the upper chamber in a surreptitious manner. But, were his marriage annulled, could he not acquire the reversion of some old senator's peerage, who has only daughters, to the extreme gratification of the monarch? That is decidedly the best manœuvre to put in play to alarm the countess," murmured he, as he ascended the broad flight of steps before the mansion.

Derville, without knowing it, had placed his finger upon the hidden sore—had thrust his hand into the cancer which was gnawing the heart of Madame Ferraud. She received him in a pretty winter dining-room, in which, as she breakfasted, she was playing with a little Indian monkey, fastened by a silver chain to a sort of gallows of polished steel bars. She was enveloped in an elegant wrapper; and her curls, carelessly secured, escaped from the elaborate confinement of a costly lace cap. She was blooming and smiling. Silver and gold ornaments, intermingled with exquisite works of mother-of-pearl, sparkled on her table, and she was embowered, as it were, with rare and choice exoticks, in magnificent vases of porcelain. As he gazed at Count Chabert's wife, luxuriating upon what she had robbed from him, at the height of human enjoyment, and the arbitress of fashion, while her unfortunate husband was grovelling among the cattle of a poor cow-keeper, the lawyer said to himself—"The moral of all this is, that a handsome woman will never recognise a husband, or even a lover, in a person with an old tattered jacket, a hempen wig, and boots that let in the wet!"

A caustick and bitter smile, the offspring of this reflection, expressed the half-philosophical and half-withering fancies, which must necessarily arise in the heart of a man so admirably situated to look into the very secret of all things, in spite of the deceptive outside with which most Parisian families paint their existence.

"Good day, Monsieur Derville," said she, carelessly, not discontinuing her amusement of teaching her monkey to drink coffee.

"Madame," he replied, quickly, for he was not at all pleased with the indifferent tone with which she addressed him with the 'Good day, Monsieur Derville!' "I have come to talk with you upon a matter of deep importance."

"I am miserable to think that M. Ferraud should be absent——"

"For my part, madam, I am delighted at it. It would be a *miserable* affair, indeed, were he present at our conference. Besides, I have ascertained from Delbecy himself, that you prefer regulating your affairs without annoying the count with their details."

"Oh—then I'll send for Delbecy to attend you," observed the lady.

"It would be entirely useless, clever as he is," rejoined Derville. "Madam, one single sentence will compel you to give me your most serious attention. Count Chabert is alive! . . . . ."

"And do you think that you can make me serious by uttering such outrageous absurdities!" she replied, bursting into a fit of laughter.

But the countess was very soon controlled by the singular clearness of the fixed and searching look by which Derville interrogated her; seeming, as it were, to read the secrets concealed in the very bottom of her heart.

"Madame," answered he, with a cold and impressive gravity, "you are not aware of the extent of the dangers by which you are environed. I will not speak to you of the indisputable authenticity of the documents, nor of the convincing proofs which attest the existence of Count Chabert. You know very well that I am not a person to undertake the management of a bad cause. If you make any opposition to our motion to annul the entry of the registration of decease, you will inevitably be cast in this preliminary process; and this question, once determined in our favour, will be the wedge which will open a successful termination to all the others."

"In the name of goodness, what is it you are talking to me about!"

"Neither of the colonel, nor of yourself. I will not enlarge upon the speeches which satirical counsellors will make, when they are instructed of the facts of this most singular case; nor of the inferences they will draw from the fact of your having received letters from your first husband on the very eve of your contracting a fresh union with your second——"

"That is false," interrupted she, in a phrenzied tone. "I never received any letters from Count Chabert; and if any person pretends to be the colonel, he can only be some intriguing impostor—perhaps an escaped convict. The very thought of such a thing makes me shudder. How could the colonel possibly return to life again? Buonaparte sent one of his aids-de-camp to me, with his compliments of condolence on his death, and I am in the receipt of a pension of three thousand francs, voted to me by the chambers, as his widow. I have had thousands of reasons to repulse all the Chaberts who have endeavoured to intrude upon me, as I shall repulse all those who may, hereafter, make the same attempt."

"Fortunately, madam, our conference is private. We can tell lies at our ease, and till we are tired," said he coolly, as he amused himself by adding fuel to the angry flame which warmed the countess, so that he might induce her to make some indiscreet admission—a manœuvre familiar to all lawyers, who make it a point to remain calmer and calmer, in proportion to the excitement of their clients.

"That is all very well between ourselves," he murmured to himself, as he thought of a trap by which he might show the countess the weakness and instability of her case. "The proof of the delivery of the first letter, is in our hands, madam," he resumed aloud; "it contained funds to a large amount——"

"That's false! It did not contain a single sous."

"You did receive one, then, although it contained nothing," rejoined Derville, with a significant smile. "You see, madam, that you are already caught in the very first trap that a lawyer spreads for you—and do you think that you can baffle justice!"

The countess blushed, then became suddenly pale, and hid her face in her hands. She then overcame her embarrassment, and replied with that *sang-froid* of which women only are capable—"Sir, since you are the attorney of this pretended Chabert, you will have the kindness to——"

"Madam," said Derville, preventing the completion of her remark, "at this moment I am your attorney, as well as that of the count. Do you suppose that I would willingly put in jeopardy so valuable a business as that of yours. But you do not hear me——"

"Proceed, sir," said she, graciously.

"Your fortune was derived from Count Chabert, and yet you have repulsed him. Your fortune is enormous, and you have abandoned him to beggary. Madame, lawyers may well be eloquent, when the causes they conduct have a voice of themselves; and, in this, there are circumstances calculated to produce a publick feeling decidedly against you."

"But, sir," remarked the countess, excessively annoyed at the manner in which Derville turned and returned her on the gridiron-like ordeal of his scrutinizing observations, "even allowing that your M. Chabert *is* in existence, the tribunals will uphold my second marriage on account of the children; and I should only have to restore two hundred and twenty-five thousand francs to M. Chabert."

"Madame, we cannot predict in what aspect the tribunals will regard the question of sentiment. If, on the one side, there is a mother and her children, on the other part we behold a man, and a hero, worn out by misfortune, and the infirmities of his old age aggravated by you and your refusals. Where can he find a wife? Besides, how can the judges decide against the facts? Your marriage with the colonel is established by law, and by priority. But, if your conduct is represented in odious colours, you will encounter another opponent, of whom you have not yet dreamed. There, madame, is the peril from which I wish to save you."

"A fresh adversary!" said she, "who do you allude to?"

"Count Ferraud, madame."

"Count Ferraud has too strong an attachment for me personally, and too high a respect for the mother of his children, to——"

"Do not waste your time, madame, in uttering such absurdities," said Derville, interrupting her, "to men whose business it is to read the heart. At this present time, I admit, M. Ferraud has not the least inclination to dissolve his connexion with you—and I am convinced he adores you; but, if any one were to whisper to him, that his marriage could be rendered void, and that his wife might be possibly brought as a criminal before the bar of publick opinion——"

"He would be my most strenuous advocate, sir."

"No, madame."

"What motive could influence him to abandon me!"

"Simply this—that he might marry the only daughter of a peer of France, whose peerage, by a royal ordinance, should revert to him."

The countess trembled, and became excessively pale.

"Ah! now we've got at it!" thought Derville to himself. "You're fast now, and the poor colonel has won. Moreover, madame," added he aloud, "M. Ferraud would be less scrupulous in severing his marriage ties, inasmuch as he would think the change a fortunate one for you, as a man covered with glory, a general, a count, and a grand officer of the legion of honour, is no mean prize; and if such a personage should demand a restitution of conjugal rights——"

"Enough! enough said, sir," replied the lady. "I will never have any other lawyer than you! What must we do!"

"Negotiate!" said Derville.

"Does he love me still!" inquired she.

"I do not well see how it could be otherwise!"

At this reply, the countess raised her head, and a flash of hope sparkled in her eyes; she calculated, perhaps, on speculating upon the tenderness of her first husband, to obtain her ends by some female artifice or cajolery.

"I shall await your orders, madame, to know whether we are to serve you with copies of our preliminary proceedings; or whether you will do me the honour of coming to my office to decide upon the basis of a negotiation," was Derville's last observation, as he made his bow to the countess.

(To be continued.)

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

A BEAR-HUNT ON THE DOFRAFELLS.

So stands the Thracian herdsman with his spear
Full in the gap, and hopes the hunted bear;
And hears him rustling in the wood, and sees
His course at distance by the bending trees;
And thinks here comes my mortal enemy,
And either he must fall in fight, or I.—*Palamon and Arcite.*

It was in the course of the winter of 18–, which, as will, I presume, be generally remembered, set in with more than usual severity, that I started from Christiana—to which place I had come, late in the preceding autumn—for the purpose of engaging, before my return to the United States, in the wild and somewhat perilous amusement of bear-hunting, as it is there practised, on snow shoes. It is, I believe, a fact so universally known, as to require no comment, that the bear, like many other of the same species, retires to sleep during the depths of winter, in some secure larking-place—a cavern, or the hollow of an ancient tree—where, in the course of his six months' doze, he becomes so fat, as to be considered by epicures a most delicious morsel. The mode of taking them is simple enough; when accident, or caprice, or perhaps the intervention of a few milder days has roused him from his lair, the bear will usually travel, nearly in a straight line, for a distance often of several miles, before he again lays up; when any one of the peasantry of the country—who, by the way, are all hunters and marksmen, exceeded only by our western woodsmen—discovers the game is on foot, after carefully noting its track and apparent course, he will strike off through the pine forests, describing a large circle, till he again falls in with the trail; if this should be the case, another ring is made by the unwearied hunter; and thus, perhaps, till he has travelled over the greater part of a hundred miles, and camped out as many nights on the mountains; as soon, however, as, having returned to the point from whence he set out, without, in the course of his perambulations, intersecting the route of the wild beast, he is convinced that it is within the circle, and has found a suitable lair, wherein to finish its interrupted slumbers; he leaves the spot, collects his associates, or perhaps summons the sportsmen of the capital by the thrilling intelligence, that a bear has been ringed. Well-armed and provisioned, as if for a forced march, the party set forth, beating the forests slowly and cautiously, in circles narrower still, and narrower, till it is ascertained that the game must be within a ring of somewhat less, perhaps, than a mile in diameter; they then advance, with redoubled caution, along the very tracks of the brute, till they come upon him, and if possible, shoot him in his lair. Should they fail in achieving this, the whole business has to recommence.

I had been on the hunting-ground, which I had marked out for the scene of my operations, about a fortnight; it was on the southern slope of that huge ridge, which running from north to south, and from the Arctic ocean to the waters of the Baltic, divides, under the name of Dofrafells, the sister kingdoms of Norway and Sweden. My party consisted of a gentleman attached to the English legation, a native servant from the capital—a smart, active fellow, by birth a mountaineer, whose slight knowledge of French enabled him to act in the capacity of interpreter between us and the rude peasantry, rendering him almost an indispensable companion in our wanderings—and two or three peasants, whose industrious energy had first discovered the animal, for whose destruction we had travelled from Christiana. About a week previous to the commencement of my narrative, we had proceeded *selon la regle* to beat up the winter-quarters of our friend Bruin; but, owing to the eagerness of a superb bulldog, belonging to the attaché, which succeeded in breaking from the servant who led him, before we had exactly ascertained the whereabouts of the den, the game was roused without a possibility of our obtaining a shot; and we had the annoyance of finding his lair, neatly lined with the tenderest shoots of the evergreen pine, yet warm; and of hearing the savage yelp of the brute that had disturbed him so *mal a propos*, as he dogged his huge antagonist, baying his heels with

fierce and sullen pertinacity. The usual mode, on such occasions, is, that the gentlemen of the party retire to winter-quarters in the nearest cottage, while the rugged mountaineers undergo the fatigue of ringing the beast a second time, and bring the tidings to their employers, when the difficult task is accomplished.

In the present instance, however, I had overruled my companions, and, after a most exciting tramp, of about thirty miles, on snow-shoes, we had accomplished our first ring without coming across the tracks of our huge game—a second internal circle had been described in the same manner, and with like effect—a third and fourth, each of smaller dimensions, had been completed—and we became certain, on the night on which my narrative commences, that the lair of the animal must be at furthest within a mile of our camp. A more beautifully picturesque scene I never witnessed than that rude encampment; the snow lay evenly, and unbroken, to the depth of nearly two feet, over the whole surface of the country, and the frost was extremely keen. Much smaller game had been taken during our excursion, especially several of those superb birds, the *capercaulzies*, or cocks of the wood, which are so well known to epicures as uniting the wild flavour of the grouse, with the whiteness and delicacy of the turkey. These, then, with the aid of certain condiments and drinkables from our canteen, had furnished us with a supper, such as princes might envy; while our previous exercise had supplied us with an appetite such as princes but seldom enjoy. A huge pine-tree had been hewn into logs by our guides; the entire butt of the trunk, some three feet in diameter, was blazing and snapping with an intensity of heat, which might well have dispelled the rigours of a polar winter. Immediately under the ice of this, an area of perhaps ten feet, had been cleared of the snow, which was piled up in a rude embankment on three sides, the burning tree completing the hollow square—the tall pines around us, towering to the height of sixty feet without a single branch, stood like a race of giants, dark and gloomy, save where the red light of the watch-fire touched their rugged bark with a lurid bronze-like crimson—over head, their black foliage formed a canopy so dense and impervious, that the moon, although she was riding the heavens in the fulness of her glory, could find no entrance for her beams, unless where, at wide intervals, a *pensile* of soft light streamed downwards through the gloom, recalling to the mind the ladder by which the patriarch beheld, in Padan Aram, the hosts of heaven descending, and again ascending, to the throne of grace. My comrades all slept soundly—but I lay, for an hour or more, listening to the long howl of the wolves, as they prowled about our camp; and at times even to their stealthy footsteps, with a degree of romantick pleasure wholly indescribable; once a gaunt and grisly monster, whom famine had rendered bolder than his fellows, approached so near that I beheld his eyes gleaming, with the reflected rays of our beacon, like coals of fire—involuntarily I seized my rifle, which leaned, with the other weapons of the party, against a pine-tree at my head, and levelled it right between those glaring eyes—another moment, and the intruder would have dearly rued his audacity—but, recollecting, on the instant, that the near discharge would certainly arouse our more noble game from the slumbers by the aid of which we hoped to steal upon him unperceived, I replaced the gun—turned over on my side—and, in a few minutes, was buried in the oblivion of all around me. The stars were still shining, when our guide shook me by the shoulder, and in a few minutes our whole party were assembled around an extempore meal.

We loitered not, like the city epicures, over our board; yet, ere we had finished the repast, so rapidly does morning follow night in those high latitudes, the rosy glow, which streamed under the forest-aisles, over the smooth and glistening snow, announced the presence of the day-god above the verge of the horizon! We started at once, diverging at first to some distance each from each, and then regularly closing in upon the centre of the circle—this is the exciting moment: fifty times—as we stole along, examining every hollow stump, and prying into every cavity of the rocks—I fancied that I heard the savage crashing through the forest, and as often did I raise my rifle, only to lower it again, in the conviction that I had mistaken some charred and blackened stump for the object of our search. At length, however, our toil was rewarded, but not exactly as we could have desired. In cresting the summit of a little hillock, the peasant who accompanied me, catching his snow-shoe on some slight inequality, fell forward, and before I could arrest him, pitched headlong down a little precipice, perhaps six feet in height. The fall was nothing; but his piece—an old and dangerous musket—was discharged, and the ball whistled in anything but agreeable proximity to my head. Nor was this all—for at the instant a growl, the most fearful that can be conceived, told me that the bear was roused. The peasant had been hurled by his fall upon the hidden lair of the beast, and it was fortunate that the impetus of his descent had carried him some feet beyond it, though not till he had struck the animal heavily with the breech of his musket, which testified, by its broken stock, the violence of the concussion. The man lay on the ground almost stunned, and perfectly helpless with terrour, and between us stood the huge and shaggy brute, erect on his haunches, glaring around him with his small bloodshot eye, and churning the foam from his tushes in broad white flakes. I dared not fire—for the fallen man was in my line, and I knew too well the force with which a rifle-bullet is propelled, to risk so perilous a shot. The brute held his ground. I advanced on him in the hope of moving him from his position, and so getting a shot at him; my eye never glanced from the barrel of my weapon, nor did my finger quit the trigger, which I dared not draw. I felt the hot breath of the brute in my very face, so close was I to him, yet he made no offer at retreat, nor could I now draw back, for such a motion on snow-shoes is perilous in the extreme, and I was aware that a fall would be destruction. At this moment I saw by his eye that he was on the point of charging me—still I held my fire—for on my right I heard a rustle of the boughs, and a light footstep—a broad flash of flame drove past my face, and a bullet whistled by—it took effect, but not fatally—the end, however, was gained—the monster turned, rushed headlong toward his new assailant—but, ere he had gone twice his own length, received my ball under his fore shoulder—fell—tore the ground for a moment with tusk and claw—and breathed his last in a fierce roar, which was, however, drowned in the exulting shout, with which we made the forest ring for full a mile around us.

THE ATHENS OF THE WEST.

Cincinnati is a glorious place. Few things can be conceived finer than the situation of this magnificent city, and the beauty by which she is surrounded. She is enthroned upon a high platform, one of the rich bottoms occurring on the Ohio, which expand the traveller's notions of what fertility is. Behind her are hills, opening and closing, receding and advancing; here glowing with the richest green pasturage, and there crested and ribbed by beeches, which seem transplanted from some giant land. Wherever we went among these hills, we found them rounding away from us in some new form of beauty; in steep, grassy slopes, with a running stream at the bottom; in shadowy precipices, bristling with trees; in quiet recesses, pierced by sunset lights, shining in among the beechen stems, which spring, unencumbered by undergrowth, from the rich, elastick turf. These hill-sides reminded me of the Castle of Indolence, of the quiet paths of Eden, of the shades that Una trod, of Windsor forest—of all that my memory carried about undulating wood-lands; but nothing would do; no description that I am acquainted with is rich enough to answer to what I saw on the Ohio; its slopes, and clumps, and groves. At the foot of these hills runs the river, broad and full, busy with the commerce of the wide west. A dozen steamboats lie abreast at the wharf, and many more are constantly passing; some stealing along, unheard so far off, under the opposite bank; others puffing and ploughing along the middle of the stream. Fine, level turnpike-roads branch off from the city among the hills, which open so as to allow a free circulation of air over the entire platform. Cincinnati is the most healthy large city in the United States. The streets are wide; and the terraces afford fine situations for houses. The furnishing of the dwellings is as magnificent as the owners may choose to make it; for commerce with the whole world is carried on from their port. Their vineyards, their conservatories, their fruit and flower gardens delight the eye in the gorgeous month of June. They have a native artist of great genius, who has adorned the walls of their houses with, perhaps, the best pictures I saw in the country. I saw their streets filled with their thousands of free-school children. "These," said a lady to me, "are our populace." I thought it a populace worthy of such a city. There is no need to speak of its long ranges of furnaces, of its shipping, of its incredible commerce in pork, of its wealth and prospects. Suffice it, that one of its most respected inhabitants tells, that when he landed in Ohio, less than fifty years ago, it contained fewer than a hundred whites; and buffaloes lodged in a cane-brake where the city now stands; while the state at present contains upwards of a million of inhabitants, the city between thirty and forty thousand; and Cincinnati has four daily, and five or six weekly newspapers, besides a variety of other periodicals, literary and political.

The most remarkable circumstance, and the most favourable, with regard to peopling Cincinnati is, that its population contains contributions of almost every element that goes to constitute society; and each in its utmost vigour. There are here few of the arbitrary associations which exist among the members of other societies. Young men come with their wives, in all directions, from afar; with no parents, cousins, sects, or parties about them. Here is an assemblage from almost every nation under heaven—a contribution from the sources of almost every country, and all unburdened, and ready for natural association and vigorous action. Like takes to like, and friendships are formed from congeniality, and not from accident or worldly design. Yet is there a tempering of prejudices, a mutual enlightenment, from previous differences of education and habits—difference even of country and language. Great force is thus given to any principle carried out into action by the common convictions of differing persons—and life is deep and rapid in its course. Such is the theory of society in Cincinnati—and such is, in some degree, its practice. But here it is that sectional prejudice interferes, to set up arbitrary associations, where, of all places, they should be shunned. —*Miss Martineau's Sketches.*

THE SIMOOM OF THE DESERT.

The following extract is from Fatala Sayegher's Travels among the Arabs:—"We took the road to Heggies, resting every night with one of the tribes which overspread the desert. The fifth day, after passing the night under the tent of El Henadi, we rose with the sun, and went to saddle our dromedaries, but found them, to our great amazement, with their heads plunged deeply into the sand, from whence it was impossible to disengage them. Calling to our aid the bedouins of the tribe, they informed us that the circumstance presaged the simoom, which would not long defer its devastating course, and that we could not proceed without facing certain death. Providence has endowed the camel with an instinctive presentiment for its preservation. It is sensible, two or three hours beforehand, of the approach of this terrifick scourge of the desert, and turns its face away from the wind, buries itself in the sand, and neither force nor want can move it from its position, neither to eat nor to drink, while the tempest lasts, though it should last for several days. Learning the danger which threatened us, we shared the general terrour, and hastened to adopt all the precautions enjoined upon us. Horses must not only be placed under shelter, but have their ears stopped; they would otherwise be suffocated by the whirlwinds of fine little sand which the wind sweeps furiously before it. Men assemble under their tents, stopping up every crevice with extreme caution, and having provided themselves with whatever is placed within their reach, throw themselves on the ground, covering their faces with a mantle, and stir no more till the destructive hurricane has passed. That morning, it was tumult in the camp; every one endeavoured to provide for the safety of his beasts, and then precipitately retiring under the protection of his tent. We had scarcely time to secure our beautiful Nedgde mares before the storm began. Furious gusts of wind preceded the clouds of red burning sands, whirling round with fierce impetuosity, and overwhelming or burying under their drifting mountains whatever they encountered. If any part of the body is by accident exposed to its touch, the flesh swells as if a hot pan had passed over it. The water intended to refresh us with its coolness, was boiling, and the temperature of the tent exceeded that of a Turkish bath. The tempest lasted ten hours in its greatest fury, and then gradually abated for the following six; another hour and we must have suffocated. When, at length, we ventured to issue from our tents, a dreadful spectacle awaited us; five children, two women and a man, were extended on the still burning sand, and several bedouins had their faces blackened, as if by the action of an ardent furnace. When any one is struck on the head by the simoom, the blood flows in torrents from his mouth and nostrils, his face swells and turns black, and he soon dies of suffocation. In 1813, a caravan of two thousand persons was buried in the sand, between Muscat and Aleppo, and only twenty escaped."

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

WEARINESS.

Mine eyes are weary of believing
The fairest things too soon deceiving;
Mine ears are weary of receiving,
The kindest words are past believing.
Weary my hope of ebb and flow,
Weary my pulse of tunes of woe;
My trusting heart is weariest,
I would, I would I were at rest!

For me can earth refuse to fade?
For me can worlds be faithful made?
Will my embittered hope be sweet?
My pulse forego the human beat?
No! darkness must consume mine eye,
Silence mine ear, hope cease, pulse die,
And over my heart a stone be prest,
Or vain this—"Would I were at rest!"

There is a land of rest defeered,
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard;
Nor Hope hath trod the precincts o'er,
For Hope, behold, is Hope no more.
There human pulse forgets its tore,
There hearts may know as they are known;
Oh for dove's wings, thou dwelling blest,
To fly to thee and be at rest!

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

Few persons conversant with the world have failed to remark that, in the race of life, men of moderate means and attainments frequently outstrip competitors, endowed equally by the smiles of fortune and the gifts of genius. It is told of Chancellor Thurlow, on being consulted by a parent as to the best means his son could adopt to secure success at the bar, that he thus addressed him—"Let your son spend his own fortune, marry, and spend his wife's, and then go to the bar; there will be little fear of his failure." Whence this recommendation? The man of certain independent means, Thurlow's observation had taught him, does not lay his shoulder to the wheel as he who is urged on by the "*res angusti domi*," and hence, as the simple result, he is distanced. The illustration of this truth may be observed every day, particularly in the learned professions. It should be ever borne in mind, that success in life is not regarded by the wise man as an *end*, but as a *means* of happiness. The greatest and most continued favours of fortune cannot, in themselves, make an individual happy; nor can the deprivation of them render altogether miserable the possessor of a clear conscience and well-constituted mind. The sum of human enjoyment is not, cannot be, derivable from one source; many circumstances must contribute to it. "One principal reason," remarks Bentham, "why our existence has so much less of happiness crowded into it than is accessible to us, is, that we neglect to gather up those minute particles of pleasure which every moment offers to our acceptance. In striving after a sum total, we forget the ciphers of which it is composed; struggling against inevitable results which we cannot control, too often man is heedless of those accessible pleasures, whose amount is by no means inconsiderable when collected together. Stretching out his hand to catch the stars, he forgets the flowers at his feet, so beautiful, so fragrant, so various, so multitudinous." In conclusion, another most fertile source of human disappointment arises from having entertained views of life altogether incompatible with the imperfect character of human nature, or the declared end of our probationary residence on this earthly planet. "What is it," inquires Goethe, "that keeps men in continual discontent and agitation? It is, that they cannot make realities correspond with their conceptions—that enjoyment steals away from their hands—that the wished-for comes too late—and nothing reached or acquired produces on the heart the effect which their longing for at a distance led them to anticipate."

SONG OF THE DYING.

Disease had well nigh done its work—the flame but glimmered in the socket—one moment more, and it would be out. The dying girl called, by her waving hand, her sister to her, and faintly breathed forth the wish that she would sing—sing some sweet melody, that she might leave earth with the tones of inspiring music lingering on her ear. "And what, dear sister, would you choose for me to sing?" "Sing, Harriet, my favourite—I leave earth willingly," said the dying girl. The sister well knew her choice, and she sat down to the instrument and brought forth its softest, sweetest tones; they were, indeed, born of heaven, and never had musick a holier influence than when it breathed forth the elevated thoughts of a dying one, dying in the beauty of her youth, and yet willing to depart. We looked on her with sacred awe; we felt we were in the presence of a being of another world, who was soon to know the mystery of death. What a calm and beautiful expression was on her countenance! What a glow was on her cheek, and a brilliancy in her eye, as the notes of the favoured song rose sweet and clear, and seemed to float around the couch of the dying! Oh! is not that religion worth possessing, that enabled her to wear a heavenly smile at the last moment, and show that she felt the words that were uttered, though she could not speak them! And she died as the sister repeated—

"I would not live always, away from my God,
Away from yon heaven, that blessful abode."

There was much to wean thee away, fair sister of the gentle speech and tender eye! "Storm after storm" did, indeed, "rise dark o'er thy way," and heaven was fairer to thee than earth. And when the pale conqueror cometh to bear me from this shadowy world, may thy sweet cheerfulness be mine, and some gentle one sing me to death's sleep as thou wert. Sweet sister! we part from earth's melody, for the purer and nobler harmonies of heaven! The strains that greet us as we linger on the shores of mortality are not the last, for there are harps and voices in that home which awaits us all, and everlasting songs will be sung to the praise of our Father and our God!

APHORISMS.

We should judge of others, not only by what we feel, but by what we observe. Our own weak and strong points are not necessarily those of our friends. To know others thoroughly, however, it is necessary that we should know ourselves so, otherwise the sensibility of our judgment will become blunted, and the faculty itself will gradually disappear.

The proper division of mankind is not in the wise and foolish, wicked and good—but in the more or less wise and foolish, more or less wicked and good. It is from inattention to this obvious fact, that we often fall into serious mistakes in our judgment of individuals. Man is not an homogeneous, but a compound being.

A disposition to exaggerate is at once the vice and the mistake of the world.

Kindness in social intercourse is, at least, as valuable as wit. Sugar will preserve even more effectually than salt.

It is much easier and much more common to over-estimate human wickedness, than human weakness.

The spirit of doubt is the parent of toleration.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LONG TIME AGO.

A WESTERN DITTY, ARRANGED BY CHARLES E. HORN.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

I.

On the lake where drooped the willows,
Long time ago!
Where the rock threw back the billows'
Curled liquid-snow,
Dwelt a maid beloved and cherished,
By high and low!
But, alas! too soon she perished,
Long time ago!

II.

There we met and loved and parted!
Long time ago!
There I lingered broken-hearted!
Tears!—let them flow.
To her grave they're sadly given!
Where flowrets blow!
She's the star I missed from heaven,
Long time ago!

III.

Rock and tree and flowing water,
Long time ago!
Bird and bee and blossom taught her,
Love's spell to know!
While to my fond vows she listened—
Cheeks in a glow—
Her bright eyes with transport glistened,
Long time ago!

IV.

She was mine, and mine forever!
Long time ago!
Can I now forget her!—never!—
No, lost one, no!
Hearts that truly love ne'er alter,
In weal or wo!
Truth like mine could never falter,
Long time ago!

THE DRAMA.

MR. WILLIS'S NEW TRAGEDY,

BIANCA VISCONTI, OR THE HEART OVERTASKED.

WRITTEN FOR MISS CLIFTON.

It has been conceded in criticism, and is abundantly proved in fact, that one of the most difficult of all literary efforts, is to write a good *acting drama*. A mere poet has but one of the several requisites for the task; but, without mentioning other necessary qualities, we will say that no man can write an efficient tragedy who has not, in an eminent degree, what is called *tact*. A common scribbler, who has *tact*, may, with no knowledge of poetry, or ear for harmony, or soul for the nice distinctions of sentiment, write a popular play—as, witness the tribe who compose the pantomimes, and blood-and-murder pieces for the lesser theatres. To write a play which contains a new phase of human feeling and emotion, expressed in poetry of a high order, and, above all, shaped to what the players understand by "*stage effect*," is the great and difficult task; and this, we think, has been achieved in the play before us.

It would be wronging both author and actress, to forestall publick curiosity, by giving the plot of Bianca Visconti, before it is performed; and, of course, in the extracts we are permitted to make, we must confine ourselves to the least passionate scenes. Even these, however, will show the ring of the metal from which it is coined, and fully support the confident expression of admiration with which we commenced these remarks.

Mr. Willis has chosen, for the scene of his tragedy, the rude court of Philip Visconti, Duke of Milan, in the fifteenth century. The celebrated soldier of fortune, Francesco Sforza, is the principal male personage, who married (historically) Bianca Visconti, the duke's only daughter.

The first Sforza, as the readers of Italian history will remember, was a woodcutter of Lombardy. By his courage and superiour abilities, he raised a considerable band of free soldiers, and, after a life of bravery as a Condotticro, he was drowned in crossing a river, and his command and title, (as Marquis of Ancona,) were assumed by his son Francesco, who inherited his father's courage, with more ability. He married the natural daughter of Philip Visconti, and thus became, eventually, Duke of Milan.

Mr. Willis has embroidered the fictitious events of his tragedy very ingeniously on the true history of the times; and the manner in which he has *overtasked* the heart of the heroine is, we think, a most natural, but entirely original view of the inexhaustible nature of woman.

For one character in this play, we venture to promise no common popularity. The author has wisely lightened the deep emotion of which it is wrought, by the introduction of a humorous vein, supported principally by Pasquali, a *whimsical poet*. The character, he tells us, was written for Mr. Placide. We will commence our extracts with a scene between him and *Fiametta*, the heroine's waiting-woman, who is enamoured of the poet, and whose simple ignorance makes an admirable foil for his sublimations. The first scene in the second act represents the square of Milan, and the cathedral in which the marriage of Sforza and Bianca is solemnizing. Pasquali and Fiametta enter in haste:

ACT II.—SCENE I.

[*The square of Milan. The front of the cathedral on the right. People kneeling round the steps, and the organ heard within. Enter* PASQUALI *and* FIAMETTA *in haste.*]

Fiam.—Now, Master Pasquali! said I not we should be too late?

Pasq.—Truly, there seems no room!

Fiam.—And I her first serving-woman! If it were my own wedding I should not grieve more to have miss'd it. You would keep scribbling, scribbling, and I knew it was past twelve.

Pasq.—Consider, Mistress Fiametta! I had no news of this marriage till the chimes began; and the epithalamium must be writ! I were ashamed else, being the bard of Milan.

Fiam.—The what of Milan?

Pasq.—The bard, I say! Come aside, and thou shalt be consoled! I'il read thee my epithalamium.

Fiam.—Is it something to ask money of the bridegroom?

Pasq.—Dost thou think I would beg!

Fiam.—Nay—thou'rt very poor?

Pasq.—Look thee, Mistress Fiametta! that's a vulgar error, thou hadst best be rid of. I, whom thou callest poor, am richer than the duke.

Fiam.—Now, if thou'rt not out of thy ten senses, the Virgin bless us.

Pasq.—I'll prove it even to thy dull satisfaction. Answer me truly. How many meals eats the duke in a day!

Fiam.—Three, I think, if he be well.

Pasq.—So Does Pasquali! How much covering has he?

Fiam.—Nay—what keeps him warm.

Pasq.—So has Pasquali! How much money carries he on his person?

Fiam.—None, I think. He is a duke, and needs none.

Pasq.—Even so Pasquali! He is a poet, and needs none. What good does him the gold in his treasury?

Fiam.—He thinks of it.

Pasq.—So can Pasquali? What pleasure hath he in his soldiers?

Fiam.—They keep him safe in his palace.

Pasq.—So they do Pasquali in his chamber. Thus far, thou'lt allow, my state is as good as his—and better—for I can think of his gold, and sleep safe by his soldiers, yet have no care of them.

Fiam.—I warrant he has troubled thoughts.

Pasq.—Thou sayest well. Answer me once more, and I'll prove to thee in what I am richer. Thou'st ne'er heard, I dare swear, of imagination.

Fiam.—Is't a Pagan nation, or a Christian?

Pasq.—Stay—I'll convey it to thee by a figure. What were the value of thy red stockings over black if it were always night?

Fiam.—None.

Pasq.—What were beauty if it were always dark?

Fiam.—The same as none.

Pasq.—What were green leaves better than brown—diamonds better than pebbles—gold better than brass—if it were always dark?

Fiam.—No better, truly.

Pasq.—Then the shining of the sun, in a manner, dyes your stockings, creates beauty, makes gold and diamonds, and paints the leaves green?

Fiam.—I think it doth.

Pasq.—Now mark! There be gems in the earth, qualities in the flowers, creatures in the air, the duke ne'er dreams of. There be treasuries of gold and silver, temples and palaces of glorious work, rapturous musick, and feasts the gods sit at—and all seen only by a sun, which, to the duke, is black as Erebus.

Fiam.—Lord! Lord! Where is it, Master Pasquali!

Pasq.—In my head! (*Fiametta discovers signs of fear.*) All these gems, treasuries, palaces, and fairy harmonies I see by the imagination I spoke of. Am I not richer now?

Fiam.—(*Retreating from him.*) Oh, the Virgin help us! He thinks there's a sun in his head! I thought to have married him, but he's mad! Oh Lord! Oh Lord! (*She falls to weeping.*)

We will give one other bit of his philosophy. After the duke's death, Fiametta is arranging his scanty wardrobe that he may go beseemingly to the funeral.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

[PASQUALI'S *chamber.* FIAMETTA *sitting with his cap in her hand.*]

Fiam.—What wilt thou do for a black feather, Pasquali?

Pasq.—Hast thou no money?

Fiam.—No, save my dowry of six pieces.

Pasq.—Give the pieces to me, and thy dowry will be ten times greater.

Fiam.—An it be not six times less, I will never trust counting upon fingers.

Pasq.—Hast thou no dread of dying uncelebrated?

Fiam.—If it be a sin, I have a dread of it by baptism.

Pasq.—Is it a sin to neglect thy immortality?

Fiam.—Ay, it is.

Pasq.—Then take heed how thou fallest into sin—for to be the friend of a poet is to be immortal, and thou art no friend of mine if I have not thy six pieces.

Fiam.—But how shall I have six times more, Master Pasquali?

Pasq.—In reputation! Wouldst thou marry a fool?

Fiam.—No, truly.

Pasq.—Then if thy husband is wise he will be more proud that thou art famous, than covetous of thy six pieces.

Fiam.—And shall I be famous? (*Gives him the money.*)

Pasq.—Thou wilt live when Sforza is dead!

Fiam.—Is not Sforza famous, then?

Pasq.—He hath fame while he lives, and so had King Priam of Troy. But if Homer had not written, Priam would have been forgot and Troy too; and if Sforza live not in poetry, he is as dead in a century—as thou and Laura were but for thy favours to Petrarch and Pasquali.

Fiam.—Why does not Sforza give thee six pieces and be immortal?

Pasq.—Truly—he pays more for a less matter! It is the blindness of great men that they slight the poets. Look here now—hath not Sforza shed blood, and wasted treasure, and taken a thousand murders on his soul, to leave a name after him?

Fiam.—I misdoubt he hath.

Pasq.—Now will I, whom he thinks less worthy than a trumpeter, sit down, and with a scrape of my pen, make a dog's name more known to posterity.

Fiam.—When thou speakest of a dog, I think of my lady's page. Canst thou tell me why she should love him so out of reason?

Pasq.—Canst thou tell me why the moon riseth not every night as the sun every day?

Fiam.—No—truly.

Pasq.—Neither can I give thee reason for a woman's fancy—which is as unaccountable in its caprice as the moon in its changes. Hence the sun is called "*he*," the moon "*she*."

Fiam.—Holy Virgin—what it is to be learned!

Pasq.—Come, Fiametta! spend thy dowry while thy mind is enlightened!

Fiam.—If I should repent now!

Pasq.—Think not of it. If thou shouldst repent to-morrow, I shall still go beseemingly to the funeral, and thou wilt be famous past praying for. Come away!

The villain of the *dramatis personæ* is Count Sarpellione, ambassador to Milan from the king of Naples, who, from his master's policy and his own private hate, bends his whole mind to the thwarting of Sforza's ambition. In the following dialogue Bianca beautifully throws back his sneers at Sforza's birth, and tells the story of the career of both son and father.

[*A bridal feast seen through a glass door in the rear of the stage. Enter from the banquetting-room,* BIANCA, *dressed with great magnificence, followed by* SFORZA, ROSSANO, BRUNORIO, *and* SARPELLIONE. *A raised throne at the side. Musick heard till the door is closed.*]

Bi.—They who love stillness follow us! The brain
Grows giddy with the never-wearying dance,
And musick's pause is sweet as its beginning.
Shut the doors, Giulio! Sarpellione! enter!
You're welcome to Trophonius' cave! we'll hold
The court of Silence, and I'll play the queen.
My brave lord, you shall doff that serious air,
And be court favourite—sit you at our feet!

Sf.—Too envious a place and office both!
I'll sit here with Rossano. Honour's flower—
That lifts a bold head in the world—at court,
Looks for the lily's hiding place.

Sarp.—[*Aside*] (What trick
Lies in this new humility.) The lily
Is lowly born, and knows its place, my lord!

Bi.—Yet is it sought with pains while the rose withers!

Sarp.—The rose lifts to the sun its flowering tree,
And all its parts are honoured—while the lily,
Upon one fragile stem, rears all its beauty—
And its coarse family of leaves are left
To lie on the earth they cling to.

Sf.—*To* ROSSANO, *with whom he has been conversing apart.*
(I've sure news
He was worse yesterday!)

(BIANCA, *rising with dignity, and descending from the ducal chair.*)

Bi. Now since the serpent
Misled our mother, never was fair truth
So subtly turned to errour. If the rose
Were born a lily, and, by force of heart,
And eagerness for light, grew tall and fair,
'Twere a true type of the first fiery soul
That makes a low name honourable. They
Who take it by inheritance alone—
Adding no brightness to it—are like stars
Seen in the ocean, that were never there,
But for the bright originals in heaven!

Sarp.—(*Sneeringly.*) Rest to the gallant soul of the *first* Sforza

Bi.—Amen! but triple glory to the second.
I have a brief tale for thine ear, ambassador!

Sarp.—I listen, lady!

Bi. Mark the moral, sir!
An eagle once from the Euganean hills
Soared bravely to the sky. (*To* SFORZA) (Wilt please my lord
List to my story?) In his giddy track
Scarce marked by them who gazed upon the first,
Follow'd a new-fledged eaglet, fast and well.
Upward they sped, and all eyes on their flight
Gazed with admiring awe, when, suddenly,
The parent bird, struck by a thunderbolt,
Dropp'd lifeless through the air. The eaglet paused
And hung upon his wings; and as his sire
Plashed in the far down wave, men looked to see him
Flee to his nest affrighted!

Sf.—(*With great interest.*) Did he so?

Bi.—My noble lord—he had a monarch's heart!
He wheeled a moment in mid air, and shook
Proudly his royal wings, and then right on
With crest uplifted and unwavering flight,
Sped to the sun's eye, straight and gloriously.

Page.—Lady—is that true?

Bi. Ay—men call those eagles
Sforza the First and Second!

Bianca has just returned from an interview with the duke, in which her marriage with Sforza has been announced to her.

Bi. To marry Sforza!
My dream come true! my long, long cherished dream!
The star come out of heaven that I had worshipped!
The paradise I built with soaring fancy
And filled with rapture like a honey bee,
Dropp'd from the clouds at last! Am I awake!
Am I awake, dear Giulio?

Page.—(*Half advancing to her.*) Noble mistress!

Bi.—Thank God they speak to me! It is no dream!
It was *this* hand my father took to tell me—
It was with *these* lips that I tried to speak—
It was *this* heart that beat its giddy prison
As if the exulting joy new-sprung within it
Would out and fill the world! . . . . . .
. . . . . Wed him to-morrow!
So suddenly a wife! Will it seem modest,
With but twelve hours of hurried preparation
To come a bride to church! Will he remember
I was ten years ago affianced to him!
I have had time to think on't! Oh, I'll tell him—
When I dare speak I'll tell him—how I've loved him!
And day and night dreamed of him, and through all
The changing wars treasured the solemn troth
Broke by my father! If he listens kindly,
I'll tell him how I fed my eyes upon him
In Venice at his triumph—when he walked
Like a descended god beside the Doge
Who thanked him for his victories, and the people,
From every roof and balcony by thousands
Shouted out, "Sforza! Love the gallant Sforza!"
I was a child then—but I felt my heart
Grow, in one hour, to woman!

Page. Would it please you
To hear my new song, lady?

Bi. No, good Giulio!
My spirits are too troubled now for musick.
Get thee to bed. Yet stay! hast heard the news?

Page.—Is 't from the camp?

Bi. Ay—Sforza's taken prisoner!

Page.—I'm vexed for that!

Bi. Why vex'd?

Page. In four years more
I shall bear sword and lance. There'll be no Sforza
To kill when I'm a man! Who took him, lady?

Bi.—A blind boy, scarcely bigger than yourself;
And gave him, bound, to me! In brief, dear Giulio!
Not to perplex those winking eyelids more,
The wars are done, and Sforza weds to-morrow
Your happy mistress!

Page. Sforza! We shall have
A bonfire then!

Bi. Ay—twenty!

Page. And you'll live
Here in the palace, and have masks and gambols
The year round, will you not?

Bi. My pretty minion
You know not yet what love is! Love's a miser
That plucks his treasure from the prying world,
And grudges ev'n th' eye of daylight on it!
Another's look is theft—another's touch
Robs it of all its value. Love conceives
No paradise but such as Eden was—
With *two* hearts beating in it.
(*Leaves the page, and walks thoughtfully away.*)
Oh, I'd build
A home upon some green and flowery isle
In the lone lakes, where we will use our empire
Only to keep away the gazing world.
The purple mountains, and the glassy waters
Shall make a hush'd pavilion with the sky,
And we two in its midst will live alone,
Counting the hours by stars and waking birds,
And jealous but of sleep! To bed, dear Giulio!
And wake betimes.

Page. Good night, my dearest lady!
Bi.—To bed, Fiametta! I have busy thoughts
That needs will keep me waking.
Fiam. Good night, lady!
Bi.—Good night, good night. The moon has fellowship
For moods like mine. I'll forth upon the terrace
And watch her while my heart beats warm and fast.

We cannot resist giving the following exquisite passage, though it partly betrays the story. The manner in which Bianca's wavering resolution is confirmed by Sforza's melancholy, and the beautiful allegory, in which he represents the prostration of his ambitious hopes by the discovery of her brother's existence, is among the finest things we remember.

Bi.—No! no! come hate—come worse indifference!
Come anything—I will not! He is gone
To bring me flowers now, for he sees I'm sad;
Yet, with his delicate thought, asks not the reason,
But tries to steal it from me!—*could* I kill him!
His eyes grew moist this morn, for I was pale—
With thinking of his murder! could I kill him!
Oh, Sforza! I could walk on burning ploughshares,
But not kill pitying Giulio! I could starve—
Or freeze with wintry cold—or swallow fire—
Or die a death for every drop of blood
Kneling at my sad heart, but not kill Giulio!
No—no—no! no!

(SFORZA *comes in dejectedly.*)

My lord! my noble lord!
Sf. Give you good-day, Bianca!
Bi. Are you ill,
That you should drop your words so sorrowfully?
Sf. I am not ill, nor well!
Bi. Not well!
Sf. The pulse
Beats on sometimes, when the heart quite runs down.
I'm very well!
Bi. My lord, you married me—
The priest said so—to share both joy and sorrow.
For the last privilege I've shed sweet tears!
If I'm not worthy—
Sf. Nay—you are! I thank you
For many proofs of gentle disposition,
Which, to say truth, I scarcely look'd for in you—
Knowing that policy, and not your choice,
United us!
Bi. My lord!
Sf. I say you're worthy,
For this, to see my heart—if you could do so,
But there's a grief in't now which brings you joy,
And so you'll pardon me!

(GIULIO *comes in with a heap of flowers, which he throws down and listens.*)

Bi. That cannot be!
Sf.—Listen to this. I had a falcon lately,
That I had train'd, till, in the sky above him,
He was the monarch of all birds that flew.
I loved him next my heart, and had no joy,
But to unloose his feet, and see the eagle
Quail at his fiery swoop! I brought him here!
Sitting one day upon my wrist, he heard
The nightingale you love sing in the tree,
While I applauded him. With jealous heart,
My falcon sprang to kill him; and with fear
For your sweet bird, I struck him to my feet;
And since that hour, he droops. His heart is broke,
And he'll ne'er soar again!
Page. Why, one such bird
Were worth a thousand nightingales.
Bi.—(*Aside*) Poor boy!
He utters his own doom!

The eccentrick Phillip Visconti, it will be remembered, lived in utter seclusion in the recesses of his palace, having no intercourse with any one but his physician. He was filthy in his habits and unnatural as a father; with all this, however, he was wise and politick, and to conciliate Sforza, whose power was dangerously increasing, he affianced his daughter to him at the age of seven. This troth was repeatedly broken and renewed, and at last Sforza compelled him to consummate the match by marching toward his capital. The play opens at this period. Bianca is seventeen, and for ten years has looked on Sforza as her husband; while he, engrossed with his ambition, thinks of the alliance but as a step to the dukedom of Milan. In the following scene in the second act, she discovered the difference between their feelings. They are sitting together in her apartment on her bridal night, Sforza still in his armour.

SCENE II.

(BIANCA'S *Chamber at midnight. She sits on a couch in a white wadress, and* SFORZA *beside her in his armour.*)

Bi.—Dost think this ring a pretty one, my lord?
Sf.—Ay, 'tis a pretty ring! I have one here
Marancio gave me—Giacomo Marancio!
The ring his wife sent—but you've heard the story!
Bi.—I think I never heard it.
Sf. She's a woman
The heart grows but to speak of. She was held
A hostage by the Milanese, (I pray you
Pardon the mention,) when, twixt them and me
Marancio held a pass. Her life was threatened
If by his means I crossed the Adige. She—
(Brave heart! I warm to speak of her!) found means
To send to him this ring; wherein is writ
"He who loves most, loves honour best." You'll see it
Here o' th' inside.
Bi. Did you see this lady?
Sf.—I hazarded a battle three days after
With perilous odds, only to bring her off—
And would have sold my life for't.
Bi. Did you *see* her
Sf.—I gave her to Marancio when I took
The ring of him.
Bi. My lord! speak you so warmly
Of any other woman!
Sf.—(*Rising and taking his helmet*)—Nay, I know not.
There are some qualities that woman have
Which are less worthy, but which warm us more
Than speaking of their virtues. I remember
The fair Giovanna in her pride at Napies.
Gods! what a light enveloped her! She left
Little to shine in history—but her beauty
Was of that order that the universe
Seem'd govern'd by her motion. Men look'd on her
As if her next step would arrest the world;
And as the sea-bird seems to rule the wave
He rides so buoyantly, all things around her—
The glittering army, the spread gonfalon,
The pomp, the musick, the bright sun in heaven—
Seem'd glorious by her leave.
Bi.—(*Rising and going to the window.*) There's emulation
Of such sweet praise, my lord! Did you not hear
The faint note of a nightingale!
Sf. More like
A far heard clarion, methought! They change
The sentinels perchance. 'Tis time Rossano
Awaits me on the ramparts.
Bi. Not to-night!
Go not abroad again to-night, my lord!
Sf.—For a brief hour, sweet! The old soldier loves
To gossip of the fields he's lost and won,
And I, no less, to listen. Get to bed!
I'll follow you anon. (*Exit* SFORZA.
Bi. He does not love me!
I never dream'd of this! To be his bride
Was all the heav'n I look'd for! Not to love me
When I have been ten years affianced to him!—
When I have liv'd for him—shut up my heart,
With every pulse and hope, for his use only—
Worship'd—oh God! idolatrously lov'd him!
. . . . . .
Why has he sought to marry me! Why still
Renew the broken pledge my father made him!
Why, for ten years, with war and policy,
Strive for my poor alliance? . . . . . .
. . . . . He *must* love me,
Or I shall break my heart! I never had
One other hope in life! I never link'd
One thought, but to this chain! I have no blood—
No breath—no being—separate from Sforza!
Nothing has any other name! The sun
Shined like his smile—the lightning was his glory—
The night his sleep, and the hush'd moon watch'd o'er him;
Stars writ his name—his breath hung on the flowers—
Musick had no voice but to say *I love him*,
And life no future, but his love for me!
Whom does he love? Marancio's wife! He prais'd
Only her courage! Queen Giovanna's beauty!
'Tis dust these many years! There is no sign
He loves another; and report said ever
His *glory* was his mistress. *Can* he love?
Shame on the doubt! 'Twas written in the ring.
"He who loves *most* loves honour best"—and Sforza
Is made too like a god to lack a heart.
And so, I breathe again! To make him love me
Is all my life, now! to pry through his nature,
And find his heart out. *That's* wrapt in his glory!
I'll feed his glory, then! He praised Giovanna
That she was royal and magnificent—
Ay—that's well thought on, too! How should an eye
Dazzled with war and warlike pomp like Sforza's,
Find pleasure in simplicity like mine!
(*Looks at her dress.*)
I'm a duke's daughter, and I'll wear the look on't!
Unlock my jewels and my costly robes,
And while I keep his show-struck eye upon me,
Watch for a golden opportunity
To build up his renown! . . . . . .
. . . . . And so farewell
The gentle world I've lived in! Farewell all
My visions of a world for two hearts only—
Sforza's and mine! If I outlive this change,
So brief and yet so violent within me,
I'll come back in my dreams, oh, childish world!
If not—a broken heart blots out remembrance.
(*Exit into her bridal chamber, which is seen beyond on opening the door.*)

This determination to win his love at all hazards is carried out in the remaining plot. We lose all the most passionate and highest wrought scenes by confining our extracts to the intermediate passages, but this, the interest of the author and actress imperatively requires. The sudden development of a brother's existence in her favourite page, and the check to all her cherished plans for the advancement of Sforza's glory subjects her to a struggle which is drawn with a power which we think will make this play one of the most effective ever produced on this stage.

Of Miss Clifton's playing in the character of Bianca we have great expectations. She rises into a noble actress whenever the pathos of the character soars to the full measure of her remarkable energy. She is all a woman, and plays like an earnest and true one when (if we may so express it) *her heart overtakes her head.* The play is written with a view to call out the natural fire and force which have made her playing so popular in the Bianca of Fazio, and with this, and her commanding person, which represents the character exactly, we are confident she cannot fail to win herself a lasting reputation in it. It is to be performed on the twenty-fourth instant, and we trust this promise of excellence in dramatick composition will not be checked by ungenerous or premature criticism. There is a bit of wisdom on that subject, by the way, in Pasquali's philosophy, and we will close our notice of the play with that part of the scene which embodies it.

Pasq.—Well met, Fiametta! what news of thy mistress?
Fiam.—I am e'en now sent for a priest.
Pasq.—What! is she in extremity?
Fiam.—No! she is in her chamber—but refuseth food and so will die.
Pasq.—Nay—I trust heaven she will not! why, my poor lady! loved she the page so well?
Fiam.—Ay—there's sharp news abroad that he was not what he seemed.
Pasq.—Gossip—gossip! but God bless us! to think of your mistress taking it so to heart. Will she die, think you?
Fiam.—It God please—but I think she must!
Pasq.—Then is there no more hope of poetry.
Fiam.—How, no more?
Pasq.—Thus! Men, though for one month in their lives (that in which they first fall in love) are fond of poetry—have, for the most part, toward poets a natural aversion.
Fiam.—As I have for a puppy.
Pasq.—Just like it! the true lovers of poetry are women—who are poetical alike in youth and age.
Fiam.—In age, too?
Pasq.—Ay! It smoulders like coals under ashes. The fire is there long after the hearth is done shining.
Fiam.—But why dies it with my mistress?
Pasq.—I have shown thee that but for women there were no poetry. Poets have no friends but women, and on the praises of women do they live. Now thy mistress, for me, represents her sex—for in Milan there is no other that praiseth the works of Pasquali. I shall ne'er be praised more, Fiametta.
Fiam.—But must you be praised ere you make verses?
Pasq.—Can you fly without air?
Fiam.—I cannot fly at all!
Pasq.—But I could once—on the breath of thy mistress.
Fiam.—Tell me no more lies, now!
Pasq.—Stay—couldst thou dance without blood in thy leg?
Fiam.—I never thought on't! yet now thou speakest of it, I have felt it trickle in my heels when the musick sounded.
Pasq.—*As blood in thy leg, then, when thou wouldst dance, there must be praise in thy memory if thou wouldst write.* I dare swear now thou workest better in thy vocation when thy mistress hath found fault with thee!
Fiam.—Is "vocation" to do broidery?
Pasq.—Ay!
Fiam.—Then 'tis like I do!
Pasq.—*Just so! the cudgel that makes the beast draw, knocks the bird flat.* I am the bird and thou art the beast.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

OUR STREET UP TOWN—A HOME SKETCH.

BY JOHN INMAN.

"God made the country and man made the town." Thus sang the poet; and the disparagement of city life conveyed in the quotation is by no means wanting in veracity. Long rows of brick houses, and hot, sun-reflecting pavements, and the alternate dust and mud of wheel-vexed streets, are miserable in comparison with green fields, and the glorious beauty of waving trees, fields smiling with generous crops, and the cool freshness that dwells ever by the side of running streams, or placid lakes that mirror the changeful beauty of the summer skies. It is true that there are discomforts also in rurality. Ploughed fields *will* be muddy after rain—the green grass and the waving trees are worlds teeming with insect life, in myriads of forms, which manifest at times a somewhat annoying rage for human acquaintanceship—and the best regulated minds are now and then sorely put to it for protection against the inroads of *ennui*, when the city would afford a small infinitude of appliances for its discomfiture. But these are evils that may well be borne. Though Shakspeare has insinuated that by thinking on the frosty Caucasus it is not possible to forget the actual presence of a roasting fire, yet there are many troubles and vexations present, for which the thought of others possible yields endurance; and of such are almost without exception the disagreeables incident to a residence far from the crowded marts and busy haunts of traffick. Nevertheless, life may be endured in a city; and there are some cities, in some parts of which the fortunate denizens may live along from January to December, without pining for change of air and scene, and without ever wasting hours or even minutes in vain aspirations for the pleasures of the country. Even such a city is this our great commercial bee-hive of New-York; and such an abiding-place of comforts numberless is the lot of suburb which we, the glad inhabitants thereof, are wont, with a rare feeling of contented supremacy, to call "our street up town."

Very aptly situated is our street. It is bounded longitudinally, at one end by the river, and at the other by a spacious avenue, along which we can transport ourselves pleasantly and speedily, when we are so minded, either pilgrim-wise on foot, or in carriage or saddle, beyond the extreme limits of the city; breadthwise our street may almost be called boundless, forasmuch as our windows, front and rear, look out upon ample squares, which will at some future day, perhaps, be entitled to the name of blocks, but which as yet are guiltless of houses. Afar off, southerly, we can behold sundry piles of brick, with parallelogrammick apertures, which probably are windows; but the distance neither permits us to discern particulars, nor the occupants of those mansions, if mansions they are, to overlook us and our doings. They belong to another parish, and to us have only a conjectural existence. Northerly, we take in only certain pleasant patches of grass and garden ground, with here and there a modest, rural edifice, hovering between farm-house and pig-stye—and in the distance, two lofty pillars, from the tops of which volumes of smoke are ever issuing, in the most picturesque of shadowy wreaths and involutions. Travellers to that remotest region have brought back word that the pillars are nothing more than chimnies, pertaining to a distillery and a gas-work; but we have no experimental knowledge of the nuisances sometimes complained of in the papers, and before grand-juries, as appurtenant to such establishments. To us they are but shapeless clumps of building, dimly seen, with lofty spires pouring forth cloudy masses of an unsubstantial something, quickly resolving itself into the invisible, with endless variety of forms and motions, on which, when in the meditative mood, we can gaze well pleased, through all the day that lies between dinner and the closing in of darkness, with a cigar, it may be, or a plate of almonds within reach, as a helper to our pretence of mental occupation.

Our street is at a goodly distance from the scene of our daily toil. We are all workers in the neighbourhood of Wall-street, and from thence to our dwelling-place may be some two miles or thereabout—perhaps a quarter more, perhaps a half—just a reasonable forty minutes walk in the cool of early morning, when the limbs are fresh and vigorous from rest, and the lungs play freely in the bracing air. When our daily tasks are done, we can afford to give ourselves an hour, or even more, for lounging home again; it is against reason and conscience to walk fast and far when dinner is in prospect. If the heat be overmuch, or there be threatenings of rain, or if, to avoid an apprehended dun, or for any other cause, we choose to ride, the "busses" pass us on our upward way, at intervals of never more than ten or a dozen minutes, and as the drivers all know us well, they make room for us as a matter of course, however full the vehicle may be: there is no putter down of figs or smoked herrings more dexterous at packing than your driver of an omnibus.

But it is not so much the situation of our street, considered merely as locality, or with reference to distances, that makes it such a Patmos. True, the air is pure as that which circulates around the height of Weehawken, and there is never day so hot, in August or July, but that we have breezes, cool, refreshing, joy-inspiring, that come wafting health and pleasure to our lungs across the ever onward-rolling waters of the broad and noble river: true that we are seldom troubled by the harsh rumbling of carriage-wheels, or the clattering roar of carts, whirling along at the full speed of driver-tormented horses, or the unearthly din of iron bars, protesting in tones of hideous agony against the process of transportation; nor is there a tinman in our street, or blacksmith, or amateur of musick, practising upon the trombone or the trumpet; nor have we ever yet been visited by a peripatetick knife-grinder, with his accursed wheel of torture to ears with nerves in them: although in these and sundry other not less important points, we are people to be envied, yet it is rather for

what we do than for what we have, or have not, that ours is a condition of temporal beatitude.

There are but half a dozen houses in our street; and four of these, making one continuous range, are the habitations of the little colony now presented for the envy of the Mirror-reading thousands. Our population falls somewhat short of three dozen, including the servants, children, cats, dogs, parrots, cardinals and canaries; and we are all on such excellent terms of neighbourly good-fellowship, that with the exception of the feathered members, we run about in each other's houses, like so many rabbits in a warren. Our books, musick, magazines and newspapers may almost be described as held in common; and as for the young ones, their nurses are half the time employed in seeking one or another of them from house to house, where the little urchins ramble about as if they all belonged to a single family. Our stock of these small responsibilities, by the way, is none of the largest, for we have but half a dozen among us all; but readers of experience need not be told that half a dozen are quite enough for three or four people to look after, and in our street they are by no means the least conspicuous or thought-engrossing members of our little community. What we should do with them anywhere else—down town I mean—is a marvel and a mystery; but in our street they pass most of their time out of doors, and a blessed thing it is for us and them, that we can let them range at will, fearless of carts, wagons, carriages, mad dogs, rude boys, drunken men, or any other dangerous or contaminating influences whatever. All children have indeed a propensity to commit suicide, by throwing themselves under wheels, or the hoofs of horses, or out of windows, or down cellars, or into cisterns—but in our street we feel quite safe, knowing that only a reasonable exercise of vigilance is required from the nurses, where the means of child-murder are so happily limited.

It may be supposed that no small portion of our business and pleasure, in the long summer afternoons, consists in the watching of these little people, as they frolick about before our doors, with their three or four careful and affectionate attendants; and it is quite curious to see what an affluence of contrivances has been gathered together for their special amusement. We muster quite a respectable troop of cavalry, what with rocking-horses, and horses on wheels, and rses with carts behind them, and little tin coaches-and-four, all gloriously painted; of dogs we have a fair segment of a pack—little wool-covered effigies, that bark ferociously when the skilful thumb is applied to the bellows, curiously fastened between the legs; and besides all these, there is not one of our little squadron that has not a wagon or two of wicker-work, some of them big enough to hold three or four of the owners, and some so diminutive as to be lugged about even by the least of the little toddlers. Then there are dolls in profusion; some of wax, with lovely red cheeks and blue eyes and light flaxen curls, and others again mere bundles of rags tied into a sort of shape by the nurses; but the young folks don't know the difference. Tea-sets from the island of Lilliput are brought forth, now and then; but these are but frail, and childhood is sorely destructive to chinaware. Skipping-ropes have not yet come into fashion among our small people; they find it enough of a task to accomplish the simplest exploits of walking and running, without aspiring to what may be called the fancy-work of juvenile locomotion—and for that matter, some of them have not yet accomplished the mastery of their own legs, even to the point of standing alone. But there's a time for all things, the copy-books say.

The most recondite of our children's delights, however, and those of the highest attraction, are from without—ministers of periodical enjoyment, that come to us from other and unknown regions, like comets, bringing wonder and happiness for a season and then disappearing, as we suppose, on like errands of joy to the inhabitants of different spheres—that is, different parts of the city. One of these is a young, kind-hearted Savoyard, who wanders about the world with a sort of portable harpsichord, out of which he grinds musick like that of the spheres. His tunes are pretty enough, and his broad, smiling, good-humoured face, and the indomitable patience with which he keeps on turning his little crank for hours together, have won the good will of more than the little ones who gather around him and listen with such uncritical admiration. He has a cousin, or brother, very much like him in person, who carries another box that plays the very same tunes, and takes turns with him in coming to our street, so that we have one or the other of them about four times a week—for they have found out, long ago, that their musick pleases our young ones, and that their notes are exchanged to good profit, for our shillings and quarters. There can be no harm in mentioning, by the way, that we eschew shin-plasters, with one consent, and always contrive to have in our houses a tolerable supply of hard coin, so that our ladies may not be perplexed in their household expenditures. One practice we all adhere to, rigidly—that of letting the children bestow our donations upon these itinerants, and also upon such beggars as come to our doors with evident claims on our charity; we think it produces a good effect on their tender minds, and brings them into graceful and generous habits, worth ten times the money.

But the two Savoyards are eclipsed by another dispenser of street-musick—an Italian, with swarthy cheeks and black eyes, who carries a hand organ. He, too, is a kindly, good-hearted fellow, and seems to enjoy the delight of his little auditors, quite as much as they do its cause. His tunes are not prettier than those of his fellow-performers—(rivals they cannot be called, for there is a manifest comity and good understanding between them, so that no two of them ever come on the same day, to injure each other's market)—but his instrument has attractions not less for the eye than the ear. The top of it can be raised, and discloses a number of moving figures, or marionettes, whose performances are to the full as mysterious for our little ones, as those of the chess-playing automaton for the larger children of this world. In the centre of the group are four couples waltzing with all their might, and by no means ungracefully. One of the gentlemen, by the way—a smart, smiling, Tyrolese peasant, about four inches high—is a perfect pattern of politeness, taking off his cap with a flourish, at every third or fourth round, and making a bow to his partner, such as Vestris himself could not exceed. At one side of the waltzing party stands a little Napoleon, in green coat and cocked-hat, who moves his hand and gesticulates with his arm; he is evidently making an earnest discourse to somebody, and if we may judge from the motions, there is a wonderful deal of persuasion in his remarks. Next him is a windy personage, blowing a French horn, which he raises to his lips and takes down again, with an air of great science. On the other side of the dancers is a lady sitting at the piano; we admire especially the artist-like flourish of her left hand, as she touches the bass. At the back of her chair stand a singer and a miniature Paganini; and behind these, quite in the back ground, is a gentleman who claps his hands and shouts "bravo" with a zeal and constancy which elicit our highest respect. The play of his under jaw, and the grand exhibition he makes of his little white teeth, are quite beyond praise. In line with him, at the other side of the stage, is a grinning black, with a clown on his shoulders; and these also play audience, and do their utmost to cheer on the performers. Altogether this hand-organ is a most recondite and wonderful piece of mechanism; and it is no wonder that its first notes in our street are the signal for a mighty ingathering of little bare-headed and bare-footed urchins, who come from heaven knows where—unless it be out of the earth—and stand gaping with mouths and eyes stretched to their full extent, round the smiling Italian, so long as he chooses to favour us with his company; and as he generally goes away at least half a dollar the richer, and has really a conscience of his own, the musical little vagabonds seldom disperse in less than a good half hour. Where they go is not less a mystery than the place whence they came; all we know is, that when the organ-grinder departs, they take to themselves heels and evanish; and our street is again quiet.

But I find that the wonders and pleasures of our street are not to be told of at one sitting; wherefore, most courteous reader, if you will permit me to go on, I shall have the honour of telling you more of them in the next number.

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

HARD TIMES.

Dear mr. editor—I heard a good deal, previous to leaving home, of the "*hard times*" and "*great pressure*" in the city, and though rather incredulous at first, I became at last satisfied that there must be much truth in it, from the change that we observe has taken place in the ideas of the female visitors that annually resort to our quiet, snug little place during the summer months. As an evidence of it, I need only mention to you that our lodging-house keepers tell me that the city ladies have become this year as close in their bargains for board, as their husbands are in their dealings on 'change, and will put up with smaller rooms and plainer fare, for the sake of economy, than would have satisfied even the "helps" that accompanied them to the country last season. This is all right, sir, and no one can blame the New-York ladies for studying economy when they come into the country; but it is to be hoped that they will be consistent—for if they will condescend to *higgle* about the price of board—(one of them, who keeps her carriage, actually beat down a poor widow, a neighbour of mine, from her usual price of two dollars and seventy-five cents, to two dollars and sixty-two and a half cents per week, with the plea of *hard times!*)—they must not take it amiss should they be censured if they are caught indulging in their former most extravagant habits on their return to the city.

What has struck me since coming to town, Mr. Editor, as affording very strong evidence of the deplorable change of times, is the necessity which the gentlemen are under to economise so much in their dress. My tailors here, (for though an old fashioned fellow, I generally treat myself to a new suit on my yearly visit to town,) tell me that they have absolutely nothing to do, except a little tinkering up of old clothes, such as putting on velvet collars, new buttons, etc.; and that many gentlemen have become so reduced in their circumstances, as to be under the necessity of disposing of their waistcoats to raise the wind! I could not believe the latter, till, much to my astonishment, I met a number of young men in Broadway without that necessary article of apparel. Some of them, on a close examination, had the appearance of considerable respectability; but at first sight they all presented the very *beau-ideal* of the "shabby-genteel." Many, I should judge from their Hector-like appearance, their mustaches, etc., must be some late importation from the "swell mob" in London, or perhaps they belong to the corps of "genteel loafers," that I am told has been lately organized in your city, and who hold their evening parades in front of the coffee-house, (corner of Reed-street and Broadway,) and the principal hotels, where they are regularly disciplined in those purely American accomplishments of "spitting" at a mark, and puffing tobacco-smoke in the faces of the ladies who pass by.

It is a great pity, at all events, Mr. Editor, that any of our citizens should be reduced to the necessity of appearing half-dressed in the most publick streets of this great metropolis, particularly those who have been moving in the respectable circles of society, and I think it would be a good plan for you to try and get up a subscription on their behalf. Decent, second-hand waistcoats might be purchased for them, I am told, in Chatham-street, at very reasonable rates for cash, and I would gladly send you a few of mine, which though rather the worse for wear, would still make a tolerably respectable appearance. I think it is a serious matter, Mr. Editor, not so much, however, for the sake of the poor, half-dressed young men, (the weather being so warm as to preclude all idea of actual suffering,) as for that of your city ladies, whose feelings of delicacy and sense of propriety are exposed to be shocked every time they sally forth for a promenade in Broadway, or on the Battery. Having observed that some of these *sans-waistcoat* gentry—(can they be related to the *sans-culottes* of Paris?)—had on very elegant embroidered suspenders, I had a suspicion, at first, that they divested themselves of a necessary part of their dress, that they might show them to advantage; but this idea was too preposterous to entertain—for no one but some love-sick swain, who wished to make a publick display of a token from the object of his devotions, could think thus of doing it at the expense of common decency.

Should you approve of my plan of a subscription to aid these unfortunate young men, I will cheerfully give you my mite toward it, in addition to the supply of old waistcoats already spoken of.—Very truly your old friend,

SQUARE TOES.

[Of Patchogue, Long-Island.]

P. S. I hope you'll not forget us, though the trout season has passed. My children often ask when you are coming again.

ORIGINAL TRANSLATIONS.

SCRAPS FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL.

Medicine.—There are laws in the practice of medicine, as there are in war. It is allowable to do your enemy all the harm you can, but not to murder in cold blood, or commit piracy: and so a physician is at liberty to use drasticks, narcoticks, diaphoreticks, and the whole materia medica at discretion; but he has right to overstep the established usages in such matters; to prescribe poison instead of pills, or give arsenick at once, instead of tartar emetick. It is lawful for him to open all a man's veins with a lancet, one by one, but not to open all at once with a sabre.

Warfare of nature.—All is warfare. The wave rages round the rocks and the islands, the wind struggles with the waves and with the forest; and in the blue sky worlds contend with worlds; yea, even the soft shining stars are but fierce suns and raging volcanoes. Man alone can, if he will, possess his spirit in peace amid the universal turmoil.

Women's jealousy.—Strictly speaking, every woman is jealous of her whole sex, for they defraud her, if not of any one male favourite in particular, yet of all those whom they captivate, and thus do them an injury. This is, perhaps, the reason why young ladies are so fond of calling each other sisters and sister-spirits, as it is well known that brothers and sisters quarrel more furiously than strangers.

Indolence.—There is in all men a provoking love of quiet comfort: they are like dogs, who will let themselves be fondled for ever so long before they will get up. Once moved, however, it is just as difficult to keep quiet. Our first piece of activity costs us more trouble than all subsequent ones.

The countenance.—He had a trick, when he wished to cherish kindly feelings toward any one, of looking long and stedfastly in his face. For in an aged countenance, we see the deep traces of sorrow past; in the youthful, that foretaste of sorrow to come: in the one we trace the past, in the other the future.

Feeling.—Our dull hearts are full of tenderness on two occasions—when we meet, and when we part, as all stars seem larger, and shine with milder rays when they rise and when they set, than when they are directly over our heads.

Rabbinical tradition.—The Rabbis say that Cain murdered his brother because he denied Cain's arguments against the immortality of the soul. If so, the first murder was an *auto-da-fe*, and the first war a religious one.

Stepmothers.—Thalia, wife of Pinarius, is stated in history to be the first woman that quarrelled with her mother-in-law. The great question in modern history will be, who was the first woman that *did not* quarrel with her mother-in-law.

Kings.—Kings wield a power not their own. Like Archimedes, they are a lever which can move fleets and cities; but it is the machine only that is great, not he that employs it.

Truth and fiction.—We should turn as doth the earth, alternately, to the sunlight of truth, and the moonlight of fancy, but not exclusively to either.

Innocent enjoyments.—We have no more reason to be ashamed of innocent enjoyments than we are of eating blackberries, because they stain the mouth.

Our true nourishment.—We should imitate trees, which draw their nourishment as much from the heaven above as from the earth beneath them.

Separation.—It is kindly ordered by nature, that the farthest our bodies are separated, the nearer do our souls approach to each other.

Oysters.—There is one lesson we may learn from oysters; to live in mud, yet imbibe nothing but pure water.

The milky way.—The milky way is one of the streets of the city of God, and its suns are the lamps that give light to it.

Epitaphs.—Men, like actors, are applauded only when they leave the stage.

Sleep.—Wealth and health are really enjoyed, only when they have been interrupted.

Forgiveness.—We forgive, as we hate, without a reason; for well-grounded anger ought to last forever.

Female learning.—Those who find fault with knowledge in women, remind me of the connoisseurs, who pronounce the head of the Venus de Medicis the only part that is not genuine.

Solitude.—Even God himself is not solitary, for he looks upon his universe.

Conscience.—Nothing in this world is so often deceived—not even women and princes—as conscience.

FUGITIVE PIECES.

THE YANKEE BOZ.

The following paragraphs are going the rounds of the papers, under the signature of one "Sam Slick." We know not who this Samuel may be, but his humour relishes strongly of his Pickwickian namesake, *Samuel Weller*.

WOMEN AND A BROKEN HEART.

"When I see a child," said the clockmaker, "I always feel safe with the women folk; for I have always found that the road to a woman's heart lies through her child."

"You seem," said I, "to understand the female heart so well, I make no doubt you are a general favourite among the fair sex."

"Any man," he replied, "that understands horses, has a pretty considerable fair knowledge of women, for they are just alike in temper, and require the very identical same treatment. Encourage the timid ones, be gentle and steady with the fractious, but give the saucy ones due correction.

"People talk an everlastin' sight of nonsense about wine, women, and horses. I've bought and sold 'em all—I've traded in all of 'em, and I tell you there aint one in a thousand that knows a grain about either on 'em. You hear folks say, 'Oh, such a man is an ugly-grained critter—he'll break his wife's heart;' just as if a woman's heart was as brittle as a pipe-stalk. The female heart, as far as my experience goes, is just like a new india-rubber shoe: you may pull and pull at it, till it stretches out a yard long; and then let go, and it will fly right back to its old shape. Their hearts are made of stout leather; I tell you there's a plaguy sight of wear in 'em.

"I never knowed but one case of a broken heart, and that was in t'other sex, one Washington Banks. He was a sneezer. He was tall enough to spit down upon the heads of our grenadiers, and near about high enough to wade across Charlestown River, and as strong as a tow-boat. I guess he was somewhat less than a foot longer than the moral law and catechisms too. He was a perfect picture of a man, you couldn't fault him in no particular; he was so just a made critter, folks used to run to the winder when he passed, and say, 'there goes Washington Banks, beant he lovely?' I do believe there wasn't a gal in Lowell factories that warn't in love with him.

"Well, when I last seed him, he was all skin and bone, like a horse turned out to die. He was tee-totally defleshed, a mere walking skeleton. 'I am dreadful sorry,' said I, 'to see you, Banks, lookin' so peekee; why you look like a sick turkey-hen, all legs; what on airth ails you?' 'I am dyin',' says he, '*of a broken heart*.' 'What,' says I, 'have the gals been jilting you?' 'No, no,' says he, 'I beant such a fool as that neither.' 'Well,' says I, 'have you made a bad speculation?' 'No,' says he, shakin' his head, 'I hope I have too much clear grit in me to take on so bad for that.' 'What under the sun is it, then?' said I. 'Why,' says he, 'I made a bet the fore part of summer with Leftenant Oby Knowles, that I could shoulder the best bower of the Constitution friget. I won my bet, *but the anchor was so eternal heavy it broke my heart*.' Sure enough, he did die that very fall, and he was the only instance I ever heerd tell of a *broken heart*."

THE ALLIGATOR STORY.

"Did I ever tell you my adventure with the alligator?" said Sam to his friend Tom, as they stood on the deck of the steamboat Henry Clay, as she went puffing and blowing, throwing up the muddy waters of the Mississippi.

"I guess not," said Tom.

"Well, it's some time ago, before your steamboats seared the critters way back into the dry settlements, the alligators used to cum out on the river, and bark at the dogs on board our broad horns, and if ever a brave fellow of a dog (as they did sometimes) jumped over after them, they'd gather up their tails, which, you know, does them for a hand, and raising their upper jaw, they'd chew him up handsomely; indeed, the varmints seem to love dog meat better than any other, and they were sich devils that they used to try to climb up into the boat to git at our dogs; so we used to stand guard to keep them off every night. Well, as I was saying, we were going up the Mississippi one night in a fine new boat, the current was running pretty much as it is now, and we had guards to keep off the alligators, as we had some fine pups on board that we didn't want them to git at: well, as nigh as I could reckon 'twas about midnight, and mighty dark, with a great, thick fog all about us, so thick that you could hardly walk through it: well, I felt a terrible bump against the head of the boat, and then the guards sung out, 'a snag, a snag!' I went to look, and sure enough there it was, as big as the body of a common-sized tree, through and through our bran-new boat; so, says I, there's no use in grieving; so I trusted to Providence and went to sleep. About light I got up and went to see how things were going, and bless your soul, what do you think it was!"

"Guess 'twant an alligator," said Tom.

"Yes, but it was; the varmint had played the snag, and run his head clean through and through our boat up to the dog's bed on deck; he had eaten them all clean up but one large pup, who had got crossways in the critter's throat, so he couldn't pull his head out from the boat again, because he couldn't shut his jaws, and was fast, wiggling his tail about in the water for all the world like a whirlwind."

"But how did you get him out?" said Tom.

"Why, I'll tell you: we cut his head off smooth with the deck, and tied up his tail—he fitted so tight we didn't leak a drop, but went on."

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

It seems strange, that while politicks are unquestionably a branch of moral science, bearing no other relation than to the duty and happiness of man, the great principles of his nature should have been neglected by politicians—with the exception of his love of power and desire of gain—till a set of men assembled in the State House at Philadelphia, in the eighteenth century, and there throned a legitimate political philosophy in the place of a deposed king. The *rationale* of all preceding governments had been, "men love power, therefore there must be punishments for rulers who, having already much, would seize more. Men desire gain; therefore there must be punishments for those, rulers or ruled, who would appropriate the gains of others." The *rationale* of the new and "impossible" government is, "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among them are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure those rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." This last recognizes, over and above what the former admits, the great principles of indefeasible rights.—*Miss Martineau.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

John Heartreep does not sustain the admirable vein of his first articles; we hold his "Confessions of an old Bachelor" *at his disposal.—We thank* B. S. L. *for his communication, it will probably appear in the number after next.—The author of* "Selfishness" *deals too much in generalities and abstractions. The age is too bad to be improved by moral essays which have not some special and particular application to characters or the times.—*"Cynthia" *has not caught inspiration from her namesake, nor, indeed, have we seen any original lines to the moon in an age, except some manuscript verses beginning,*

"What a jolly old soul is the moon,
What a jolly old soul is she," etc.

a mode of addressing that respectable planet more familiar than reverential.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1837.

The court of a virgin queen—Which England can now boast once more, will probably be a very different thing from the assemblages of which her late kings have been the centre. The English court, indeed, has for many years existed wholly in name; so completely have the pretensions of royalty to sway the concerns of social life been supplanted by "the fourth estate" of fashion which grew up during the long minority of George the fourth, and which, first fostered by the great whig families who were with him in the opposition, soon rivalled the aristocratick circle of St. James, and finally completely threw into the shade the humdrum court of old George the third. This dominion of fashion as opposed to royalty, was decidedly democratick in its tendency. Birth and office were no longer the indispensable requisites for admission into her mysterious circle. Taste, talent, or whim, constituted equal passports to the favour of the eccentrick goddess; and in her court, unlike those of mortal princes, all who had once gained admission were peers, and met upon a footing of perfect equality. Nay, her levelling influence extended not less to principles than to men, and if the characters of the English exclusives have been justly painted by their compatriots, profligacy and virtue were equally honoured among them when equally graced with wit and accomplishments; while the flimsy veil of fashion was all sufficient to cover the brazen front of shame and shield the most open offender, against contumely and disgrace. With the accession of a maiden queen to the throne of England, all this must become changed. Many of the ladies of rank who have long given its prevailing tone to the first class of English society, will probably not be admitted to the presence of a woman whose purity is unimpeachable, and who has the power to choose her own society. "The exclusives" thus exiled from court will lose caste accordingly, while the court itself taking its complexion from its sovereign, will, in turn, give the general tone to society. Nor will this wholesome influence upon taste and morals stop here. The field of literature, so far as light letters are concerned, will evince it in the growth of a better taste than that which has long prevailed; and there will be a sudden cessation in the manufacture of those farragos of twaddle and profligacy, yclept "the fashionable novels," which are imported so abundantly into this country to infect the manners and poison the morals of our people.

"Who killed Cock Robin."—Who shot the old eagle that has been soaring around Cro' Nest for the last fifty years? We write this with a feather from his wing, which some misjudging friend has sent us to record the deed as one we could approve of. Time was when there were a dozen eyries within the immediate neighbourhood of West Point; but the proud birds which were spared by the soldiery of Washington when he held his head-quarters there, have long since been picked off by the Cockney sportsmen who make an occasional excursion up the river. The monarch of Cro' Nest was one of the last, and for years it has been the amusement of visitors at the point, to watch him sailing around the lofty crags which encircle that beautiful spot. There is a superstition among the old Dutchmen along the Hudson, which forms an incident in Washington Irving's story of "Dolph Heyliger," and we presume is borrowed from the aboriginal hunters among those mountains, that some misfortune is alway sure to overtake the man who kills an eagle. We hope the *regicide* of Cro' Nest may escape in this instance; but the popular belief is a wholesome one, and it is a pity that the new-comers into those parts should not embrace it. We thank our friend for his kind intention in sending us the quills, but it was a poor display of patriotism for an American to kill an eagle on the "Fourth of July."

An Indian bride.—The St. Louis Observer records the marriage of the Honourable Levi Gilmanton, one of the justices of the Supreme Court of Missouri, to the daughter of an Indian chief, who was brought up in the family of a gentleman of that state. The lady is the daughter of a late Fox chief, named Ke-ok-ker-sha, the Black Bear. Mr. Davis received her into his family in 1823, when she was but seven years of age; the old chief requesting that he would take her to the white settlements, and learn her the art of talking on paper. Her father soon after died, and she became such a favourite in Mr. Davis's family that they could not consent to have her return among the savages. Mr. Davis was at the time a rich Indian trader, and having no daughter of his own, he sent Nydia, (as she was called,) to New-Jersey, among his friends, where she received a superior education. She is said to be a witty, agreeable and accomplished lady, and very beautiful. She speaks the French fluently, has a good musical voice, and is in other respects as attractive as any of the dark-browed beauties of Andalusia, whom Mr. Sidell has described so much *con amore*.

Culture of silk in Virginia.—We learn from the Baltimore Farmer, that the general government, with a view of promoting the progress of the silk manufacture, have it in contemplation to convert the Bellona arsenal, near Richmond, into a grand establishment for that purpose. The grounds attached to the Bellona arsenal are, in the whole, twenty-seven acres; these, if properly planted, are competent to produce mulberry foliage sufficient to feed as many millions of worms. The house accommodations are equal to the raising of ten millions of worms, the profits on which would give six thousand four hundred and eighty-one dollars and sixty-six cents, as the annual produce of the twenty-seven acres thus appropriated.

The new dime—Is an exceedingly beautiful coin. It is thicker and smaller in circumference than those formerly emitted; on one side are the words one dime, encircled with a wreath, on the other is a finely-cut figure of liberty, holding in one hand a staff, surmounted with a liberty cap; the other hand sustains a shield, inscribed with the word liberty. The most effectual mode of introducing this useful decimal to the publick, and putting an end to our present mongrel currency of "shillings," "bits," and "ninepences," as the twelve and a half piece is severally called, would be to make the rates of postage in dimes and half dimes instead of cents as at present.

Navigation of the West.—The steamboat St. Peters lately arrived at St. Louis from a voyage to the trading ports on the Missouri, *twenty-two* hundred miles up that river. She is the largest boat which has ever ascended to the Yellow Stone, and was viewed with astonishment by the natives of the country, who in various places fired salutes of small arms as she passed.

The musical debutante.—A lady by the name of Earl, has made a sensation in the musical circles. She appeared at a concert at Niblo's Garden—was rapturously encored in her opening song, and was called upon to repeat her second one three times! It was loudly demanded for a fourth repetition; but the audience were induced to give up their own gratification in consideration of the *debutante's* fatigue.

The Susquehannah.—Mr. Willis, who is engaged upon the literary department of Bartlett's Illustrations of American Scenery, will have a fair chance of doing full justice to this noble river, judging by the extract from one of his letters given below. We copy this quaint and happy description from the New-York Star, together with a note from Mr. Willis's friend, explaining the circumstances under which the letter was made publick:

New-York Mirror Office, *Saturday, August 5, 1837.*

My dear sir—In the Star of this evening, you have a paragraph respecting Mr. Willis, which, though written with the kindest intention, is calculated to convey an erroneous impression of his views and feelings. Far from having experienced any "culpable tardiness, or unfriendly feeling" from the government, Mr. Willis was indebted to Mr. Van Buren for distinguished introductions when he first went abroad, and has ever since been on the most grateful and friendly terms with the President and his family. With the design of obtaining facilities for a work on Russia, Mr. Willis made some efforts last winter to obtain the secretaryship to our legation at St. Petersburgh. Had the office been in Mr. Van Buren's gift, he would, no doubt, have obtained it; but, as Mr. Dallas had already appointed a relative of his own, Mr. Willis abandoned the project, and, as you state, has purchased some property on the Susquehannah. He is, at present, out of town; and, in his absence, I venture upon sending you an extract from one of his private letters to myself, which will show better than anything I could say, how little his new project savours of political disappointment. Yours, very cordially, G. P. M.

M. M. Noah, Esq.

"For the last month I have been running up and down the courses of four rivers. Pygmalion-like, however, in describing the Susquehannah, I have fallen in love with my theme, and (I am ashamed to confess to any thing so humdrum and sensible,) I have *bought a farm*. I am just now up to the lips in the respective merits of grain-land *vs.* pasture, hay *vs.* turnips, shade *vs.* sunshine—for the shadows which cool my eye, the farmer says, "is dam'd bad for the corn'" Would you like an inventory of my dirty acres? First, and most valued, an island, say thirty acres, green as the wings of Thalaba's bird in the snow-desert, rimmed round with gigantick trees, and lying lovingly in the embrace of a divided tributary to the Susquehannah. Next, a meadow of some forty acres, with here and there a gigantick tree, and a fringe of ash, willow and grape-vines running along the river. Third, a long terrace of some twenty feet elevation, over which curves the road, and above this, rising in three no-e terraces to the summit of the hill, the remainder of my territory—in all some two hundred of as lovely acres as ever were bought with lucre. Let me not forget two matters more, "appertaining to said lots, 1, 2, & 3," viz. a wood of glorious trees on the summit of the hill, and a delicious brook emerging from the same, and leaping with the grace of a bounding child over my three terraces to the river. What a dish sensation it is to own a brook or a tree! *Entre nous*, I am very much of the Indian's way of thinking, that a man has no more right to appropriate land than light or air. But we must take the world as we find it.

"So here rest my household gods! And here, (please God and my sometime calenture of travel,) I shall grow my potatoes and live in peace—(I had nearly written it pease.) There are woodcock on mine island, deer (in the winter) peeping from my wood, and behind me, forests and 'antres vast,' where dwell—settlers, not *Hamadryades*. You will laugh at all this, but, if there is faith or honour in man,

"More eyes are sick of this perpetual flow
Of people."

I have a growing disgust to towns, and a sneaking kindness hourly gaining on me, for hob-nailed shoes, a straw hat and a pony. Did I mention that I had a farm-house, (buried in noble trees,) a man and his men, 'his wife and children three.' I have thoughtened to sacrifice one of these latter 'pledges' for every tree cut down without trial by jury—myself on the bench. A man is worth a tree—any day!

"And so here I am—*a Tuler—des choses!* (By the way, what a pretty name *A Tuler* would be for a farm!) Cooper lives above me at the head waters of the river, and mayhap will send me a flower of fancy by a limbino post; and below me, eighty miles, is pretack Wyoming—what I call a pretty parenthesis. I would willingly take a chance for immortality *sandwiched* between Cooper and Campbell. * * * Come to see me when I get my cottage built, and you shall have gun, pony and fishing-rod, and a shake-down of straw, and the hen shall lay an egg in your honour."

Sea-stories.—Sea-stories are now all the fashion; but those who attempt to describe naval scenes sometimes make a precious display of their seamanship. Mr. Madden, the author of "Travels in Turkey," etc. has published a novel called the "Mussulman," in one chapter of which he works a ship in a storm after the following fashion:—"The captain prayed to them and swore at them by turns, to clear up the topsails, and take a *reef in the mess mizen*;" the poor fellows did not obey him, but "if he ordered the *bowlines to be broiled*, the *halyards* were sure to be *cleaned up*; if he called out to *brace the mainsail*, the clue garnets were let go!" Now a soldier might as well talk of shortening the front of his *rear rank*—an upholsterer of festooning curtain-tassels—or a lady of furling her apron-strings. Mr. Madden has confounded the spars of a ship with her canvass, and her running rigging with the sails it controls. Nothing is more ridiculous than the use of technicals, when people do not understand what they are talking about.

Fine arts.—Mr. Dick, of this city, has just executed an engraving of Miss Tree, in the character of Ion, which is one of the most finished specimens of art that we have seen in a long time. The portrait is exceedingly happy, and we congratulate our friend of the Albion, for whose paper it was done, upon presenting his readers with so elegant an embellishment.

The outward-bound.—The following sweet and thrilling lines will touch a chord in every bosom. They are from the pen of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and were communicated to the Mirror by a friend of the writer. They have but recently been published in England, and are now, we believe, printed for the first time in this country:

Fill!—fill! the sparkling brimmer!
Fill!—for the moments fly!
The stars' weary light grows dimmer,
And the moon fades away from the sky!
Fill! for the signal-flag is up!
And the winds veering round!
In haste let us pledge our parting cup,
To the health of the outward-bound!

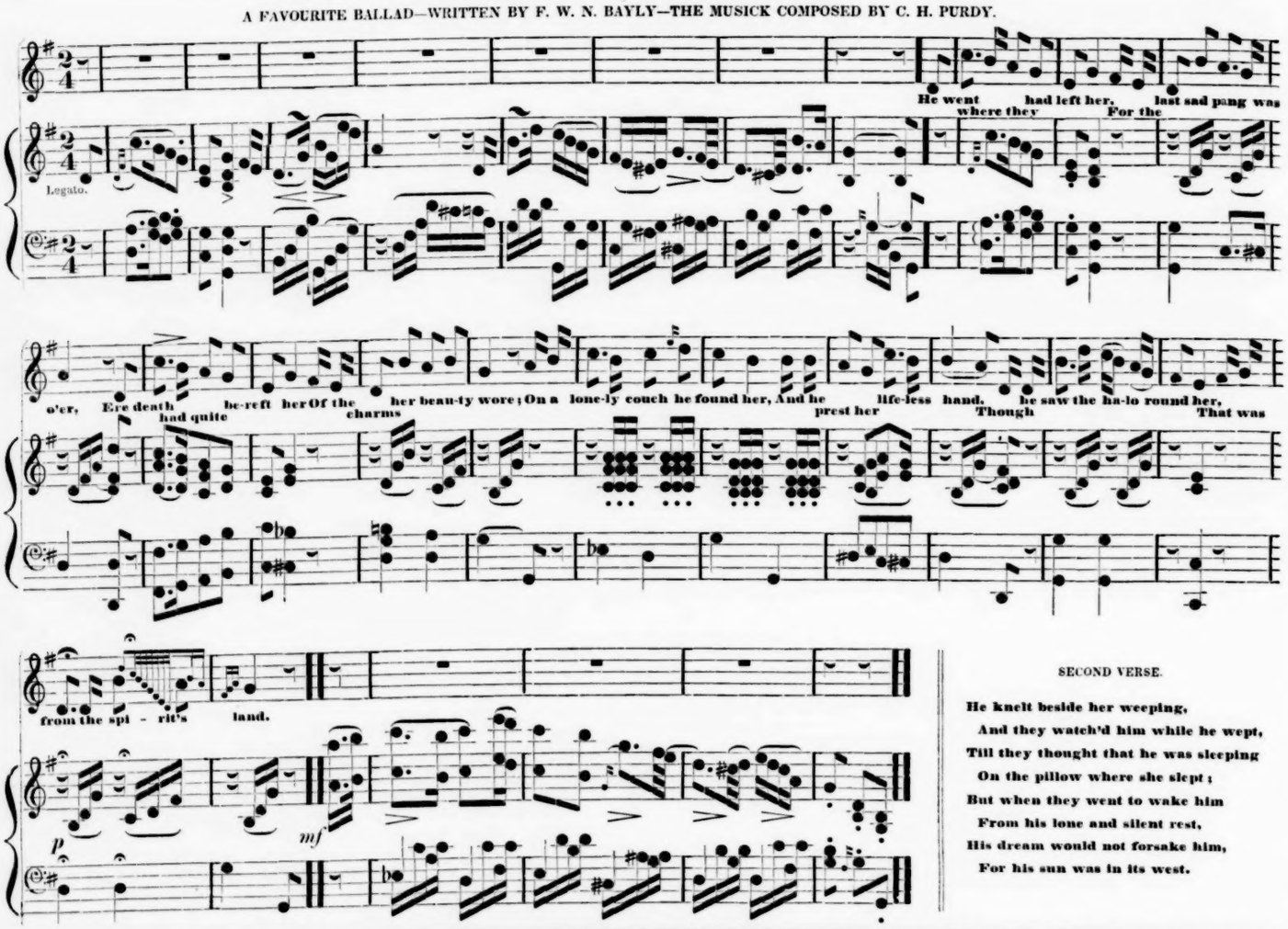
Fill high! This hour to-morrow,
Nor toast nor jest shall be—
But a few shall meet in sorrow,
While the many plough the sea!
Then, while we are all together,
Give the toast!—let it circle round!
Fair sails and prosperous weather,
And a health to the outward-bound!

Let no adieu be spoken—
To weep is a woman's part!
Nor give we a farewell token,
But a health from our inmost heart!
And oft, when the wind blows keen and free,
And the rough waves roll around,
The health shall come back to their memory,
That we drank to the outward bound!

Old friends shall still seem near them,
In their ocean-cradled sleep;
And the dreaming thought shall cheer them,
Far out on the stormy deep!
Then, while the midwatch passes,
Let the glad toast circle round,
Full hearts and beaming glasses!
Ane a health to the outward-bound!

HE WENT WHERE THEY HAD LEFT HER.

A FAVOURITE BALLAD—WRITTEN BY F. W. N. BAYLY—THE MUSICK COMPOSED BY C. H. PURDY.



SECOND VERSE.

He knelt beside her weeping,
And they watch'd him while he wept,
Till they thought that he was sleeping
On the pillow where she slept;
But when they went to wake him
From his lone and silent rest,
His dream would not forsake him,
For his sun was in its west.

Literary Odds and Ends.

THE SONG OF FAME.

When death shrouds thy memory,
Love is no shrine;
The dear eyes that weep for thee,
Soon sleep like thine!
The wail murmured over thee,
Fadeth away—
And the heart which kept love for thee
Turns into clay!

But wouldst thou remembered be,
Make me thy vow—
This verse that flows gushingly,
Telleth thee how:
Linking thy hand in mine,
Listen to me,
So not a thought of thine
Dieth with thee.

Rifle thy pulsing heart
Of the gift love made—
Bid thine eye's light depart—
Let thy cheek fade!
Give me the slumber deep,
Which night-long seems—
Give me the joys that creep
Into thy dreams!

Give me thy youthful years,
Merriest that fly—
So the word spoke in tears,
Liveth for aye.
So thy sepulchral stone,
Nations may raise—
What time thy soul hath known
The worth of praise!

AMERICAN COOKERY.—The Americans pay little attention to cooking. The Americans have dyspepsia, and its consequences—world-hating, cracker and water regimen, with much kneading of the stomach. The French have good cooking, and they know little or nothing about that disease. Moreover, from the highest to the lowest, they take their meals very slowly. Such health-promoting practice is profoundly scouted at by multitudes of a people, intent only on mighty destinies in the future, toward which they wildly rush, and with whom, what in other lands is called *doing*, can only be expressed by that indigestible phrase, *gobbing down*. Herein do we act out certain inconsistencies. Anxious to the extremest point, about our moral diet, we totally neglect that physical ailment, whereupon so much of efficacy in the heart's food depends. We sustain a corps of dyspepsia doctors; we laugh at the art which might render dyspepsia impossible.

EXERCISE THE BEST PHYSICIAN.—We recollect to have heard the story of a sick man, who rode about two hundred miles on horseback, to procure the advice of a noted physician. His own convenience led him to take lodgings about ten miles distant, which made an easy ride for him to go and be prescribed for. The physician, who did not overlook the advantages that were likely to result from this daily exercise, encouraged him to remain in his present position, and to put faith in his simples, which he took great care should not produce much effect either way. The event showed this plan of treatment to be most judicious—for in the course of a few months, the patient was cured of all his complaints, and returned to his gratified family and friends a well man.

ZETLAND HUMANITY.—There is yet a living man, *if he can be called so*, to whom the following story belongs:—He was engaged in catching sea-fowl upon one of the cliffs, with his father and brother. All three were suspended by a cord, according to custom, and overhanging the ocean at a height of some hundred feet. This man being uppermost upon the cord, observed that it was giving way, as unable to support their united weight. He called out to his brother who was next to him, "Cut away a nail below, Willie!" meaning he should cut the rope beneath, and let his father drop. Willie refused, and bid him cut himself if he pleased. He did so; and his brother and father were precipitated into the sea. He never thought of concealing or denying the adventure in all its parts.

SNATCHING A KISS.—A negro in Baltimore lately undertook to kiss a snapping-turtle for a five cent piece, when the owner slipping the noose from the head of the monster, it caught the poor fellow's upper lip, and it was impossible to deliver him until its jaws were forced open. He said "he wouldn't buss anoder for a dollar—tank his stars fur de 'scape this time."

VEAL.—Veal in Mobile, according to the *Advertiser*, is a little, dried up cow, fourteen years old, killed, dressed and sold in market.

TITLES OF OLD BOOKS.—The following are the titles of some of the books which were in circulation in the time of Cromwell. The authors of those days must have thought there was "something in a name."—"A most delectable, sweet-perfumed Nose-Gay, for God's saints to smell at."—"A pair of Bellows, to blow off the dust cast upon John Fry."—"The Snuffers of Divine Love."—"Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches."—"High-heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness."—"Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant."—"A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion, breathed out of a hole in the wall of an earthen vessel, known among men by the name of Samuel Fish."—"The Spiritual Mustard Pot to make the Soul Sneeze with devotion."—"Salvation's Vantage Ground! or, a Louping Stand for heavy believers."—"A Shot aimed at the Devil's head-quarters, through the tube of the Cannon of the Covenant."—"A Reaping Hook well-tempered for the Stubborn Ears of the Coming Crop; or, Biscuits baked in the oven of charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation."—"Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin; or, seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David, wire-rounto are also annexed Wm. Hummis's handful of Honey Suckles, and divers Godly and Pithy Ditties now newly augmented."

NATURAL CURIOSITY.—We have now in our possession the tooth of some unknown animal, which weighs about three and a half pounds, and measures seven and one-fourth inches long, four and one-fourth inches wide, and nineteen inches over. It is in a good state of preservation, with the exception of the parts uncovered by the enamel, which is partially decayed by being exposed to the air. This tooth, with a number of other fossil remains, was dug up from about eight feet under the surface of the ground, near the Paw Paw, in Van Buren county, about forty miles north of this place, by some persons who were digging a mill-race. We can give no possible conjecture to what sort of animal this tooth belonged, unless it was to the great mastadon, the history of which animal is only to be found in the traditions of the Indians.—*Niles (Mich.) Gazette.*

HINTS.—Never "my lord" or "my lady," a nobleman or noblewoman more than once a day, unless you wish to be taken for a footman; and never talk of a gentleman "I and another gentleman were going to the opera"—"I met a gentleman who told me this," or "a gentleman called on me and told me that." This peculiarity of expression would seem to infer that the man whom you met, or who called on you, was a gentleman, and that you are not. Call ladies ladies, but never call a gentleman, however much of a gentleman he be, more than a man, and if you wish to live in any society above chimney-sweepers never call a woman a "female."

PERSIAN ANECDOTE.—A sage was asked what was the most valuable piece of information he had ever acquired? "I learned from a blind man," he replied, "not to lift my foot, till I had previously, with my stick, ascertained the nature of the ground on which I was to put it down again." What a lesson to logicians, and all engaged in philosophical inquiries!

UNDERBIDDING.—A Frenchman assured one of our friends, that his countrymen never buy an article at the seller's first price. "For instance," said he, "one of them came into my store the other day, and priced a pair of silver buckles. I asked seven dollars."—"Eleven! I give you nine."—"Seven is the price, sir, not eleven."—"Seven! I give you five."

PROMISING YOUTH.—Mr. Coble, of Brattleborough, Vermont, advertises his runaway apprentice, R. Long, in the following style:—"He can be identified by the fact that he has not combed his hair since the fourth of July, 1831, and cannot speak ten words at a time without uttering twenty falsehoods.

ORIGINAL JOKE.—"Doctor," said Mr. B. to his medical adviser one day; "isn't there a disease called *shingles?*"—"Yes, to be sure," replied Galen."—"Then I've got it, for certain," says B—, "for the *roof* of my mouth is broken out in a dozen places!"

ECONOMY.—A father of an interesting family, residing near Detroit, not long since stopped the only newspaper which he had ever allowed himself or family, and solely on the ground that he could not afford the expense! This man chews up fourteen dollars and sixty cents worth of tobacco every year.

SINGULAR.—A family of fifteen brothers are now living near Lyons, France, under one roof, and all unmarried. Is not this single blessedness?

NEW INSTRUMENTAL MUSICK.—The Haverhill (Massachusetts) Gazette notices two new musical instruments, which we would recommend to the attention of our female readers. If the young lady who is said to be taking lessons, will, when she is perfectly accomplished, come to this city and open a school, we think we can insure her a goodly number of pupils.—"A young lady of high accomplishments, (and of pride,) in the absence of the servant, stepped to the door on the ringing of the bell, which announced a visit from one of her admirers. On entering, the beau glancing at the harp and piano which stood in the apartment, exclaimed, 'I *thought* I heard musick—on which instrument were you performing, miss?'—'On the *gridiron*, sir, with the accompaniment of the *frying-pan*,' replied she; 'my mother is without *help*, and she says that I must learn to *finger* those instruments sooner or later, and I have this day commenced a course of lessons.'"

A FEELING SQUEEZE.—An Illinois editor says, he lately met a man who was carrying his hand in a sling, and who being inquired of for the reason, replied that one of the candidates had squeezed it so hard that he had no feeling in it since.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

The National Theatre will open on Monday next, under the stage direction of the publick's old favourite, Mr. Henry Wallack, late stage-manager of the Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden. Various alterations, before and behind the curtain, have been made, and a sterling company has been engaged. Mr. James Wallack is now in London, effecting engagements with several stars of the first magnitude. The season will be commenced by Miss Turpin, late of the Covent Garden and Haymarket theatres. This lady has been in the United States for several weeks past, but, being engaged exclusively for the National Theatre, the New-York publick are yet unacquainted with her merits, except from report, which speaks of her in unmeasured terms of eulogy. She has appeared in Philadelphia and Baltimore, and the criticks of those cities are in raptures with her. They compare her with Mrs. Wood, the queen of English song, and give her the decided preference over that lady, in many respects. She is said to have more sweetness, grace and *naiveté*, than Mrs. Wood; and after her performance of Amina, in *La Sonnambula*, in Baltimore, a garland of flowers was thrown to her from the stage-boxes, which drew down the most enthusiastick cheering from a crowded, fashionable and delighted audience. From all the testimony of the English and American prints, it is apparent that Miss Turpin is a sweet vocalist, a finished actress and a fine woman; and we look with some anxiety for her first appearance before the New-York audience, who will receive her with pleasure and judge of her with candour.

SONG.

Ask me not why I should love her;
Look upon those soul-lit eyes!
Look, while mirth or feeling move her,
And see there how sweetly rise
Thoughts gay and gentle, from a breast
Which harbours not one guileful guest—
Which, though each joy were from it shred,
By Truth would still be tenanted.

See, from those sweet windows peeping,
Emotions tender, bright and pure,
And wonder not the faith I'm keeping
Every trial can endure.
Wonder not that eyes so winning,
Still for me new ties are spinning—
Wonder not that heart so true,
Keeps mine from ever changing too.

C. F. H.

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